THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXV—No. 971

JULY 12, 1922

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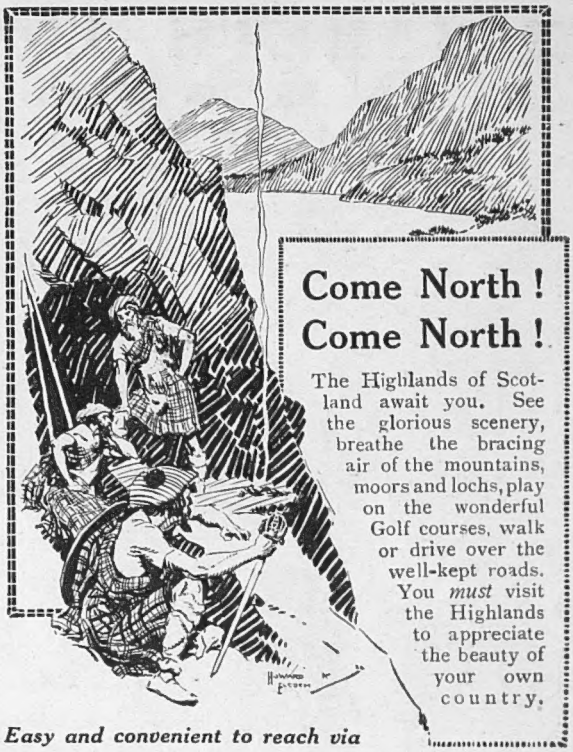

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"The very best"

Bonded for many years, Booth's Gin acquires a delicacy of flavour and aroma, a peculiar and pleasing softness which is unique. **It makes a splendid drink, both for winter and summer.**

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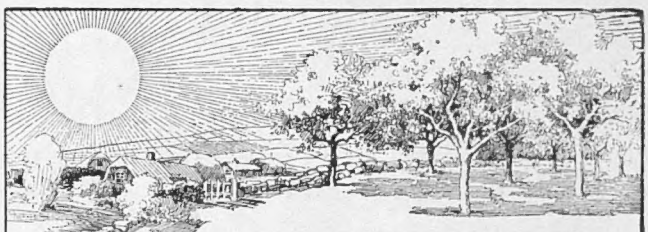

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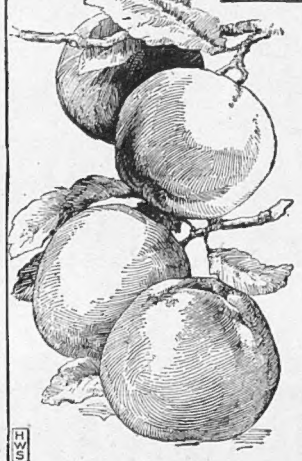

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Illustrated Booklet "I" and Price List free.

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THE BURBERRY inspires a fine sense of security—a feeling of complete indifference to prevailing weather conditions.

IF IT'S WET

THE BURBERRY, woven, proofed and made by Burberrys, keeps its wearer healthfully dry and comfortable in the heaviest downpour.

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or there's a keen wind blowing, THE BURBERRY provides all the warmth desirable, although remarkably light in weight.

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with odds on rain, THE BURBERRY, free from rubber and faultlessly self-ventilating, is worn on the closest day without fatigue or overheating.

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The *true* Morris Car

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He stated that nothing but Morris-Cowleys would be seen on them!

Morris-Oxford All-Weather	...	425 gns.
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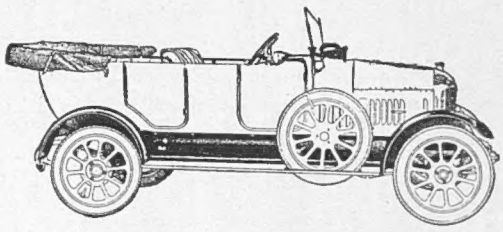

ML

"There's a Highland flavour about it!"

13/6 PER BOTTLE

IT requires the palate of experience and nicety of judgment to appreciate the Highland savour and flavour of MACKINLAY'S (M.L.) *Liqueur* SCOTCH WHISKY. ¶ The War opened the gates of the Empire to many strange "Scotch Whiskies." The appreciator of *true* Scotch Whisky has had a bad time sorting out the flock. Now he can once again be sanguine of bringing the real thoroughbred Highland article into the fold of his home, hotel, or club by merely "calling" for

MACKINLAY'S ML *Liqueur* SCOTCH WHISKY

Blended where it is distilled & bottled where it is blended

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The Bystander, July 12, 1922 No. 971. Vol. LXXV.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

"FAR FROM THE MADDING CLOUD!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY AT 2.30 and 7.45.
Mme. TAMARA KARSAVINA and A Corps de Ballet, GROCK and Partner, Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE and CO., Harriet and Marie McCONNELL, Sutcliffe Family, The McLeans, Etc

ADELPHI, (Ger. 2645). THE WAY OF AN EAGLE
"ANOTHER 'DELL' TRIUMPH"
Godfrey Tearle, Marjorie Gordon, Jessie Winter, Darby Foster.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATINÉES TUES. & THURS. at 2.30.

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Phyllis Dare, Harry Welchman, Ivy Tresmand, Huntley Wright.

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Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Thurs. at 2.30.
"BELINDA"
Irene Vanbrugh. Dion Boucicault.

LYRIC. Evenings at 8.15. Mats., WED. & Sat. at 2.15.
"WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS"
Billy Merson, Mai Bacon, Derek Oldham, Margaret Campbell.

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THE CO-OPTIMISTS
Nightly at 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs., & Sat. at 2.30.
In a Pierrotic Entertainment — 4th NEW PROGRAMME.

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Every Evening at 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat. at 2.30.
THE BAT. By Mary Roberts Rinehart & Avery Hopwood.
ARTHUR WONTNER EVA MOORE. 200th Performance Mon. July 17.

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Accompanied by
Mr. EDWARD GRAY, F.R.G.S.
Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Many people whose great desire is to visit the BEAUTY SPOTS OF THE WORLD are—quite reasonably—deterred from doing so by the difficulties they would encounter. This Grand Tour presents THE OPPORTUNITY for them to fulfil their desire in the greatest comfort with this well-known and experienced traveller.
(Ceylon, Australia, Java, China, Japan, Canada).

The Descriptive Itinerary will, on application, be sent to those interested.

RENOWNED FOR SIXTY YEARS

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LEMOINE
CUVÉE ROYALE

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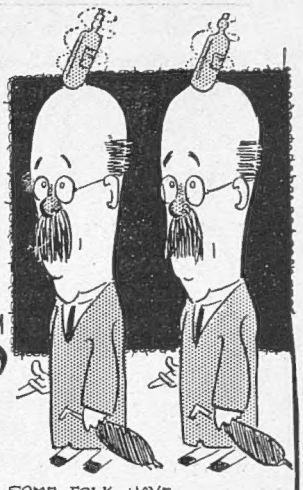
BYSTANDER COMMENTS


SOME FOLK HAVE SCOTLAND ON THE BRAIN!

Early Birds Wanted

THE International Theatre Exhibition at South Kensington will close at the end of this week, and an early morning visit is to be recommended. By getting ahead of the crowd, it is possible to enjoy the model scenes—Gordon Craig, Lovat Fraser, and the rest—but the visitor who delays his visit until the evening may find the atmosphere of the darkened room somewhat reminiscent of the Black Hole of Calcutta. It is a wonderful show.

Helping the Hospitals

THAT was an excellent idea put forward by Sir George L. Johnston—that the question of subscribing to the hospitals should be put on the agenda of the next board meeting by every firm in the country. This is the sort of business proposition that would lift our hospitals out of their present slough of Debt and Despond, and I commend it heartily.

When it is Wet

I DON'T think "Pussyfoot" Johnson need worry his prophetic soul on the time it will take to make England go dry. It would be more to the point if he would tell us how long it will be before America goes wet. Some of us have enjoyed the Prohibition farce in its native setting and, anyway, the British race has too keen a sense of humour to allow itself to be made ridiculous. Besides, where would Americans spend their happy noontides if we closed the Savoy bar? Fifteen hundred thirsty souls landed on this side from one steamer last week—let's hope the whisky holds out!

The Pussyfoot Plot

THE New Yorker came down like a wolf on the fold,
Determined to make us go dry, we are told.
And this is the point of the Pussyfoot plot—
They'll wean us from whisky by drinking the lot!

Safety First, Indeed!

I AM trying to track to his secret lair the wretch who evolved the "Safety First" fiction, and started us barging into one another last week. I have walked the streets of London for many years with a certain amount of pleasure and profit, but last week's fiasco nearly cured me of the habit. After forty-nine head-on collisions, I gave up the attempt, and carried my bruised and battered carcase into my distant suburb, where life is less complex than in the Strand and the City. But I still carry the bruises. Safety First, indeed!

Brighton's Folly

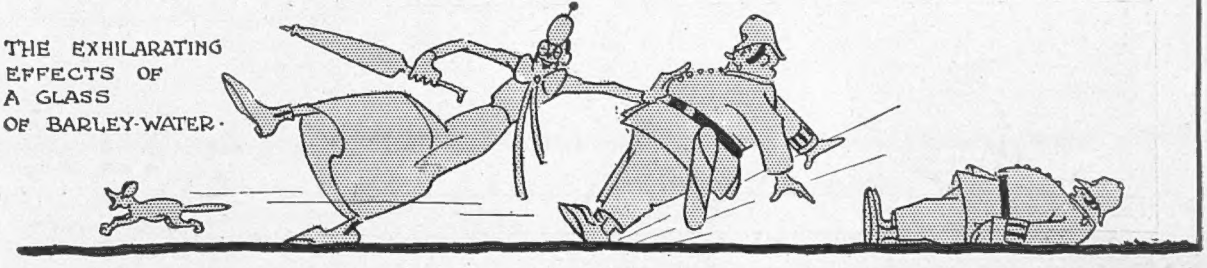
HOW the "first gentleman of Europe" would turn in his grave if he knew that the Brighton Council had arranged to dump a charabanc terminus on the site of the old Aquarium! Certainly, the Brighton Aquarium is one of the things that never will be missed, but the proposed charabanc terminus savours rather of the ten other devils, worse than the first. The Brighton Railway should now secure powers to run their trains on to one of the piers—as is done at Newhaven and Folkestone, while the Channel Tunnel might have its arrival platform on the Hove lawns!

That Channel Tunnel

TALKING of the Channel tunnel, no one takes that gigantic enterprise very seriously, and the great public will get the shock of its life when it wakes up one morning to find that the work has really commenced, and that German workmen have started tunnelling on the French side. Why not get the ex-Kaiser to cut the first sod?

£1,000 for an Autograph

THEATRICAL favourites who charge a shilling or so for their autographs, and give the proceeds to the Actors' Benevolent Fund, will have read

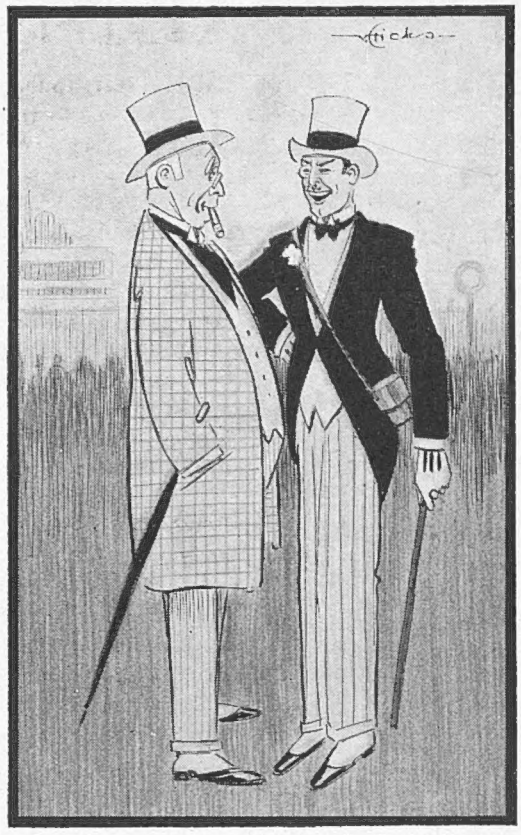


BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

with envy that the Prince of Wales is getting £1,000 for his modest "Edward P." If you want to add the Prince's autograph to your collection, all you have to do is to send the amount stated to the London Hospitals' Appeal and you will receive the magic letters by return of post.

Natives and Nutrition

I ALWAYS understood that oysters were more nutritious than any other food, and that we owe "that tired feeling" during the summer to the fact that there are no R's in the months. All wrong! I now learn that the nutriment contained in the shell of one egg is equivalent to that of fourteen "natives." Really, you know, these discoveries are most unsettling. They will be telling us soon that the exhilarating properties of a glass of barley-water are equal to those of fourteen "doubles"—and, in respect of certain whiskies, that may be true!



By VICTOR HICKS

"How long has your wife been away?"
"Oh, about a cheque book and a half!"

Stars and Garters

MY morning paper loves to create a mystery in order that it may elucidate it after a decent interval. "How does Suzanne Lenglen keep her stockings up?" is its latest intriguing problem. But surely there is no mystery here! In her acrobatic flights across the court, Mlle. Lenglen has herself supplied the answer, and the picture-papers have exhibited the rolled stocking in a dozen different aspects. Naturally, the young men on my morning paper do not examine such intimate photographic studies, and, I must say, I admire their modesty.

Poor Old England!

MR. KELLAWAY has been lauding the Scottish telephone lasses at the expense of their southern sisters. 'Twas ever thus:

The girls who live in Aberdeen
Are quite the best he's ever seen;
And those who work at Edin-borough
Are just as splendid, smart, and thorough—
While England, I need not explain,
Just gets it in the neck again.
Some folk have Scotland on the brain!

Sentimental Blokes

I HOPE and expect that Lord Glanely's blunder in selling Sceptre for shipment abroad will have been rectified by this time. In the bar of the Sports' Club, I found a bunch of good sportsmen discussing the transaction in terms that must have set several pairs of ears burning. One does not look upon the average sportsman as a particularly "sentimental bloke," but when you touch him in the place where he lives, he can beat an A-dell-phi audience at their own game. Certainly, Sceptre deserved a better fate than to be packed off to South America in her old age, and the incident will take a lot of forgetting.

Questions and Answers

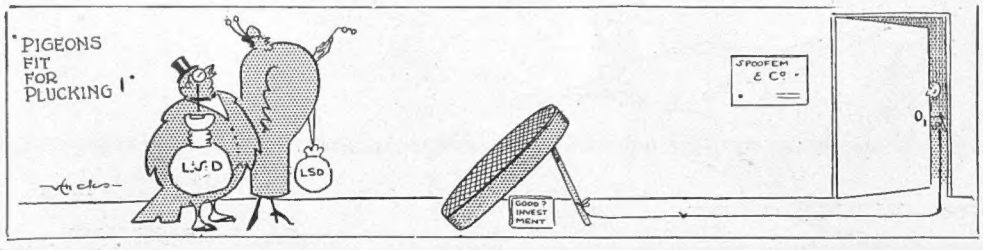
Q.: What is a Sportsman?
A.: A man who——

Plays for his side, and not for himself.
Is a good winner and a good loser.
Accepts all decisions in a proper spirit.
Is chivalrous towards a defeated opponent.

Such is the definition of the Army Athletic and Cross-Country Association—and a very good definition, too! I was told the same thing at my preparatory school years ago, and Rudyard Kipling had something to say on the matter in a little poem he wrote some years ago.

A Fine Phrase

THERE is nothing like a vivid phrase to catch the imagination of the people, and I quite believe Canon Alexander when he says that his description of St. Paul's as "the parish church of the Empire" found an echo in every part of the civilised world. It is a fine phrase, and I shall never see Wren's dome without thinking of it. I would like to see it written over the entrance, in order that the youngsters who come to St. Paul's Churchyard to feed the pigeons may have something to remember when they pass on to the City, and themselves become pigeons fit for plucking at the hands of the wily financiers of those parts.



(Continued on page 60)

The Academic But Irreverent Game of "Beaver!"

(As Played in the Classic Shades of Oxford, etc.)

BY E. T. REED

As one of the "*Bearded Classes*," our artist ventures mildly to protest against being hailed boisterously in the street and cinema by perfect strangers as "*Polar Beaver!*" and other eccentric and inaccurate animal epithets. It is *not* a sufficient recompense to find that, by his facial landscape-gardening, he has "won the game" for some *bare-faced* undergraduate! ("*Scoring*: as in Lawn Tennis")

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

The Passion for "Pinching"

I SEE that a man has spent twenty-three years in prison for stealing coats. He has just been sent to penal servitude for another three years for the same offence. I wonder if M. Coué or the psycho-analysts could explain the overwhelming passion this man must have for coats. It is obviously a passion beyond his control, because if he were a mere thief he would steal anything. And is it his conscious or subconscious self that impels him to these repeated thefts? Kleptomania is a much abused excuse, but one can't help comparing this man's case with that of a lady who died a few years ago. She was a Countess, a delightful woman, witty, rich, and a figure in the world. A few years before her death she published a book of most interesting reminiscences.

The Predatory Countess

THE world would have been shocked profoundly to learn that the Countess of ———— was a thief. But she was. Silver forks and fish were her irresistible temptation. The odd obsession only began after a severe illness. How it was found out I don't know, but this I do know. Whenever she went out to dinner—a frequent occurrence—her maid used to go through her clothes after she was asleep, and the silver forks she found were sent back to their owners the next morning. The maid never drew a blank. As for the fish, the lady made a point of ordering the day's supply herself. The fishmonger had been warned, so whenever she slipped a fish into her capacious pocket or her muff nothing was said. It was added to the account. On one occasion she went to the private view at the Academy with the tail of a trout sticking out of her pocket. Only once was she known to take anything but forks or fish, and that was at a garden-party. When she returned her maid found in her pocket a heavily cut custard glass—and the custard it had contained!

M. MAXIM LITVINOFF By MAJOR

Sometime "Representative of the Russian People" in London, and at present heading the Bolshevist delegation at The Hague. M. Litvinoff, largely on account of his proficiency in languages, is a man who has had greatness thrust upon him. He has gone the usual round of the Russian prisons, has been banned by the Allies, married an English woman, and is the proud possessor of a small son, Mischa

Bystander Title Competitions

?

Above is a reproduction of a drawing for which we offered a prize of 5 Guineas for the best title.

COMPETITION No. 9.

The prize for the solution of this problem picture has been awarded to :—

Miss M. B. SCHOFIELD,

8, PRESTON ROAD, SOUTHPORT,

for the winning title :

"A CHECK IN MATING—HIS MOVE"

COMPETITION No. F 1.

From the four corners of the world we have received entries for our Foreign title competition. As will be seen by the distant addresses of the prize-winners, our readers seemed to be well sprinkled over the earth. Prizes have been awarded to the following—

1st Prize, £10 **"A TIME EXPOSURE"**

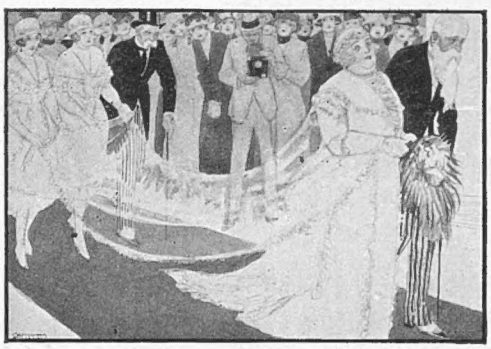
MRS. HARRISON,
ST. VINCENT, CAPE VERD ISLANDS.

2nd Prize, £5 **"THE DIEHARDS"**

A. CROWHURST,
(Army Pay Office) WANOWRIE, POONA, INDIA.

3rd Prize, £3 **"HAPPYMAN OFF WITH TOP WEIGHT"**

G. H. SARGENT,
Box 577, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, U.S.A.



?

Above is a reproduction of a drawing for which we offered prizes of £10, £5 and £3 for the best titles.

The King Takes Command of His Fleet

THE OFFICERS OF H.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH"

His Majesty with the officers of the flagship; on the right is Admiral Sir Charles Madden and his son, while Prince George is to be seen on his left

Photographs

BOARDING THE FLAGSHIP

Central News and I.B.

CHEERING THEIR ROYAL COMMANDER

The Royal inspection of His Majesty's fleet took place in very typical English weather, with lowering clouds and a drizzling rain, but such occasions are, unlike Henley or Wimbledon, independent of the sun. The destruction of the German cruiser was most spectacular, it being bombarded by the majority of the warships, and eventually despatched to the depths by aircraft bombing

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The King and His Navy

THE King is never quite so happy as when he is aboard ship, and nobody ever gave up a profession with keener regret than His Majesty did when he was obliged to forsake the sea after the death of his brother, the Duke of Clarence.

So the visit to the Fleet in Torbay has for him something much more than a matter of duty. Perhaps, if the truth were known, the King would have preferred to have made the visit in a battleship, but wherever he is affairs of State must be attended to. All this is arranged for on the *Victoria and Albert*, whereas special office accommodation would have had to be fixed up on a man-of-war, and that means unnecessary expense, and inconvenience for everybody.

Now that the King is not racing the *Britannia* there seems some doubt as to whether their Majesties will go to Cowes this year. A Royal party at Goodwood does not seem probable, so it is just possible that the time-honoured custom of the Queen going direct to Cowes, and being joined there by the King after the Goodwood races, will be abandoned this year.

Photograph L. N. A.

A CAMBRIDGE DEGREE FOR THE DUKE OF YORK

Cambridge University last week bestowed honorary degrees upon the Duke of York and ex-President Taft. The Earl of Balfour is leading the procession

Photograph G. P. U.

HOME AGAIN

Mr. Harvey, the American Ambassador, greeting Sir Auckland Geddes on his return from America last week. We congratulate Sir Auckland upon his choice of literature

Verdun Sunday at the Albert Hall

I THOUGHT the King was looking tired at the Verdun concert at the Albert Hall. It was a great occasion, and the band of the Garde Republicaine played entrancingly. If our military bands could have their wind instruments lowered a semitone they would be able to give us the same exquisite effects of light and shade as their French brothers. But it would have cost £20,000 umpteen and umpteen years before the War when the suggestion was first mooted, so what it would cost now is almost beyond calculation.

The band and its conductor, Capitaine Guillaume Balay, must have been pleased with their reception and by the presence of all the fine folk who had gathered to hear them. The Albert Hall was *choc-à-bloc*, and in the intervals of the programme Princess Louise seemed to have a great deal to say to the King.

Two Sides of the Medal

ONE of the events of the week has been the opening of one ducal house and the shutting-up of another. Grosvenor House has been closed since it ceased to be the headquarters of propaganda during the war, and it was said on all sides that the Duke of Westminster had decided not to return, since he and his Duchess were quite content with Bourdon House in Davies Street as their London abode.

This was taken as meaning that the new Duchess of Westminster would not entertain on any large scale in London, but the concert at Grosvenor House proved rumour once more to be an imaginative jade. It was a brilliant gathering, and the only entertainment of its kind this season, although Lady Cowdray had some good music in Carlton House Terrace last Wednesday, Pablo Casals having been brought over specially from Paris for the occasion.

Somehow or other one never associated Wagner with Grosvenor House, but they had a whole scene from the *Valkyrie* at the concert.

The other side of the medal is the shutting up of Alnwick Castle. The Duke of Northumberland is feeling the pinch rather more than most people. These vast houses swallow up a great deal of money in upkeep. You can't possibly live in them without

Photograph] AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW [*G. P. U.*

A group of some distinguished people at the Royal Show last week held at Cambridge, and at which the Duke of York was present. Lady Henry Bentinck, Lady Barbara Bingham, Mrs. Colman, Captain Colman, Miss Wigan, Miss Adeane, Miss Cotterell, Miss Mary Cavendish, Mrs. Adeane, the wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Cambridgeshire, will be recognised

a certain number of servants, so the only thing is to shut them up, if you can't let. As for letting, the question of staffing a huge place like Alnwick baffles even an American millionaire. Syon House, at Brentford, which used to be the scene of the famous "Northumberland breakfasts," is also let—to a Frenchman. And Lord Desborough has let Taplow to Mr. Otto Kahn. *Ahimé!* The shoe is pinching everybody.

Princely Generosity

SPEAKING of Lady Cowdray, was there ever a more generous couple than she and her husband? It was only comparatively recently that Lord Cowdray tore the old Lyceum Club to pieces, rebuilt it, decorated it in the most lavish fashion, and presented it as a club for members of the Air Force. Now, Lady Cowdray has done precisely the same thing with the Asquith's old house in Cavendish Square, and given it as a club for nurses. It has been gorgeously done, in fact, the house might be the abode of a *richissime* of great taste. Only, one wonders, will nurses feel quite comfortable sitting in brocaded Louis Quinze and Louise Seize chairs. I hear that other professional women may be made available for membership as well as nurses. I hope it is true for the sake of professional women.

Photograph *Bertram Park*

THE HON. VICTORIA CADOGAN

The daughter of the late Viscount Chelsea and the Hon. Lady Meux, whose marriage to Mr. John Gordon-Gilmour, Grenadier Guards, only son of Brigadier-General Robert Gordon-Gilmour, C.B., D.S.O., and Lady Susan Gordon-Gilmour, takes place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on July 22

The Aftermath of Divorce

A DISCUSSION arose a few evenings ago at a little dinner-party as to the different treatment meted out by the world to different women who had been divorced by their husbands. Upon some the doors of Society had been irretrievably closed; to others the doors had been scarcely held ajar. The point was—how was the difference to be explained, since technically they all stood on the same footing as breakers of the code?

One of His Majesty's judges, who was present, gave his opinion, which, with one or two recent cases in my mind, I thought profoundly true. I hand it on to you for your judgment.

The newspapers, he said, were the worst enemy of the divorced woman of social position. The higher that position the more harm they did her. Therefore, if she was guilty, her best plan, if she cared anything for her future, was not to defend. The longer the trial, the greater the publicity, and the longer, too, the remembrance. Whereas, if no defence were put up, at the most it meant only a brief announcement in the newspapers.

There was no "scandal"—and that was the essential so far as the world was concerned. Where there has been a "scandal," doors are firmly closed.

But I venture to go even further than the learned judge. I believe the position of a divorced woman depends very much upon her own tact and management of the situation. Here are two instances within my own knowledge.

A woman was divorced with a peer as co-respondent. There was no defence. Not a word was heard of either party until the decree was made *nisi*. Then the briefest notice, merely announcing the marriage, appeared in the "Hatch, Match, and Despatch" columns of the morning papers—not a word in the Court columns as to the marriage or future plans. The couple went round the world, and were away for nearly two years. When they came back one met them in all sorts of unexpected places. You see, there had been no "scandal," and many of their newer acquaintances had never even heard of the divorce.

This is the other instance. Another woman was divorced, likewise with a peer co-respondent. Again no defence. But during the six months before the decree was made absolute she was seen about at races, in restaurants, and theatres, especially charity matinées, with the "other guilty party." She seemed to make it a particular business to go to every place where she would be likely to meet her former friends and acquaintances, dragging the man in her train.

Their marriage was announced before it took place, as if it were an ordinary marriage. Naturally, a battery of Press cameras faced the pair as they left the register office, and on the top of that an "official" announcement appeared in the newspapers with a description of the bride's dress, and the name of the place chosen for the honeymoon. Of course, it all made a great clatter and talk, and when the couple came back—they did that too soon—they found only closed doors and stony faces. They had given the world too much to remember, and too much to talk about.

Photograph *Maull and Fox*

A FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE

A new portrait of Miss Nora Bomford, daughter of the late Surgeon-General Sir Gerald Bomford, K.C.I.E., and Lady Bomford, who is to marry to-day (July 12) Major L.B.L. Seckham, M.C., only son of Col. Bassett T. Seckham, D.S.O.

A WEDDING IN CEYLON

Miss Muriel Murray, daughter of the late Captain J. T. Murray, of the Egyptian Government Service, and Mr. R. L. Chidlaw Roberts, M.C., after their marriage at Kandy, Ceylon

Henley

HENLEY had this advantage over Ascot. The weather gave the clearest possible indication of what it intended to do, and so nobody was caught napping.

Henley used to be an excuse to get away to the river, an interlude between Ascot and the end of the season with Goodwood. That was, of course, for the non-enthusiastic rowing folk. The enthusiasts went to see the sport, and cared nothing about pretty clothes, luncheons, or Phyllis Court.

But since the War Henley has not re-captured its old place in the season's round. Nowadays, quite a different type of folk take house-boats, and for many people Henley has ceased to be a consideration in the yearly budget.

It is curious, but it is true. One factor is the gradual passing of most of the large houses in the neighbourhood into alien and other hands. Some of the houses were filled for Henley this year, but with a world unknown. I dare say that by this time next year some of those people will be very well known—it depends on how rich they are. And the better known they are the less importance they will attach to being seen at Henley. It's odd, but it's true. Henley now has no social value for the *arriviste*.

Another Warning

I DON'T want to bore you good people with repeated warnings about burglars and the creatures of evil intent who sneak their way into our houses to "pinch" what they can, but I must, for your own sakes and protection, tell you of the latest dodge.

One morning last week a most respectably dressed young man rang

Photograph *Russell and Sons*

A NEPHEW OF LORD READING MARRIED

The wedding of Mr. Dennys Isaacs, son of Mr. Godfrey Isaacs and nephew of Lord Reading, to Miss Birch Crisp, daughter of Mr. C. Birch Crisp, ex-M.P. for the Windsor division, took place at Binfield Church, near Wokingham, Berks. The reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, Moor Close, Wokingham

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BLANCHETTE FLIES TO PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

London, JULY 10

DEAR COUSIN—

HAVE you ever flown, I wonder? Don't b'lieve you ever did, did you? Well, *I've* only just had *my* first. And don't mind telling you there's positively, absolutely, and for certain sure nothing on earth like it!

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IT'S a bit of an epoch and an event, you know, making your first big passenger flight—'cos I don't exactly count the sort of little tiny joy-rides quite a lot of us have had in the ('paratively speaking) tiny machines that were the only ones going before we really seriously thought of regularly travelling by air. 'S rather like, I s'pose, what doing your first journey ever by railway train (as they used to call it) must have been, or talking on the 'phone for the first time, or (since we *are* reminiscing) having one's very first trip in a steamer!

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FEELS like quite a Great Adventure, anyway. And's accompanied, I must confess, by a slight, very slight but perceptible sinking in the region of what in France, at least, we're allowed frankly to call *l'estomac*. Which starts (for flying débutantes) from the very moment when you take your ticks., and set out in a safe and comfortable taxi (how could we ever abuse 'em?) for the dear old Hotel Victoria in dear old Northumberland Avenue, where the adventure's due to begin. How one *does* cling to all the old landmarks, and what an utterly rash and foolish thing it seems to quit this well-known and altogether lovely *terra firma* for all sorts of strange things that we wot not of! B-r-r-r!

卐

BUT doesn't keep on keeping on for very long, that feeling doesn't. Soon wears off, for one thing, when you discover what lots of other people are bravely and gallantly, and ('parently) quite insouciantly going through it, too! And, oh, also, what an uplifting of *le* (or should it be *la*?) *cœur*, when, in a moment of cool and calm reflection, you realise that you're going to get there direct, without even one single change!

卐

NO scrambling for seats at Victoria or Waterloo, or wherever it used to be. No long and dreary, two-hours-or-so amble down to the coast. No tedious embarking business on the steamer, or boring trip across. No tiresome getting off at the other end, and coping with all sorts of French railway officials before you acquire your *places* in the train. No *longueurs* of the railway journey to Paris, and no worries, either, about whether you'll manage to catch the eye of a man who'll take your luggage and snatch you a taxi, when you get there.

卐

SOUNDS all *rather* like a beautiful dream, doesn't it? But it's true. Very moment you reach the aforesaid old-fashioned and palatial hotel in the purlieus (as they say) of Trafalgar Square, where all the best millionaires and people from the provinces go and stay, all you have to do is just to let yourself be wafted along, so to speak. They waft you in a car to Croydon, and waft you from there to Le Bourget 'drome on the other side, and then in another waft you're at the Hotel Crillon, in Paris—whence you can get just wherever you like in about ten minutes, or a couple of francs' worth of taxi.

"When flying, wear your smartest clothes"

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AND, oh, the flight—'cos, after all, that's the real point and *clou* of the whole thing, isn't it? Out you get from your car, some one glances politely at your suit-case and your passports, and then,

"BLANCHETTE FLIES TO PARIS" (*concluded*)

up the dinkiest flight of steps that's wheeled alongside for you and into the 'plane. Which is *rather* a disappointment, I'm 'fraid, for the two American girls who've got themselves up in helmets and things and the world's woolliest stockings, all ready for roughing it in the breezy blasts, so to speak.

JUST a comf'able saloon inside, for us mere passengers, with cushioned armchairs and papers to read, and lunch-baskets in the rack by your side, only no one seemed to want to eat what was in 'em much, somehow—'cept me. 'Fraid I'm a hopelessly and incorrigibly good sailor, and never, even in the roughest and wobblest of sea-crossings, feel (touch wood!) even a little bit 'ick. And in the air they hardly wobble you at all ever.

BUT now we're off and up, though you'd hardly guess it! Climbing, softly and steadily, to just about a couple of thousand feet or so. And there or thereabouts we stay all the time, crawling along steadily and softly at just about 80 miles an hour or so. P'raps even 90 at a pinch. Which sounds quite a fair amount, doesn't it, when you think of what trains and things do? But in the air it seems almost like standing still.

WHAT about that sort of sinking sensation we had before we started, by the way? Forgot all about it, to tell you the truth, moment we started gliding gently upwards. Fact is, you really feel safer than in a boat. Two 'normous great engines, and if one happened to go pop the other'd carry on. And, anyway, they could always glide you down. Almost *too* safe, some people say, and not enough adventure about. Though quite enough for *me*, thank you very much.

RATHER nice, too, to arrive in Paris perfectly clean and spick and span, and ready to face a *dancing* at the very latest tea-place, with nothing more than a pat and a dab and a glance at the mirror, ere you sail boldly and confidently into the throng of gay and smart Parisiennes, what, what? 'Stead of having at the very *least* two baths before you feel you can properly clear away the grime of ship and train, and look the world fearlessly in the face once more. 'Specially a Parisian world. . . !

"At Lord's this week"

AND so—leaving a hiatus for our drive round the Bois, and dinner at the Vignon, and furtive visit to Olympia, where Fortugé was at his very best, or worst (hush, hush!), and shopping in the Rue de la Paix next morning—so home, as Mr. Pepys used to put it. Back to the London that one loves, d'you know, simply heaps and heaps more for having left it, even for a mere paltry (though crowded) twenty-eight hours or thereabouts. And where there greets us, on returning, a programme of things to do and see, every bit as big, as any in this record season of seasons—'cos that's what it really is.

LORD'S rather to the fore this week, of course, what with the 'Varsity match starting off to-day and going on till next Wed. as ever is. Think of it, three whole lovely days (if only it doesn't rain) of sitting about in the open air instead of any stuffy indoor shows. And those lunches and teas in tents that always make one feel so frightfully *young*. And lots of nice parties and dances in the evenings, to amuse the poor young undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge, just released from their strenuous studies (I don't think) for a brief vacation of only about sixteen weeks or so!

WHY, oh why, don't girls get these chances, too? No use pretending they *do*, is it, spite of all the Lady Margarets and Somervilles and Girtons and Newnhams that ever were or will be, world-without-end-amen. May *pretend* to be undergrads., I mean, but, somehow, don't ever seem to be able to capture the same sort of spirit of casual recklessness, and insouciance, and all that sort of thing, do they?

AND—oh, help!—it's Eton and Harrow at Lord's this week, too. Shall be feeling so *old* by the end of it all, I fear!

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Cricket Terms Illustrated

BY NORMAN KEENE

THE "OFF" THEORY

An American Flapper in London

"What a relief it is to be able to drink a cocktail . . . and not feel like a criminal"

By EDNA HUBER CHURCH. *Illustrated by AUBREY HAMMOND*

LONDON TOWN

Just Another One of the Nights of Gladness

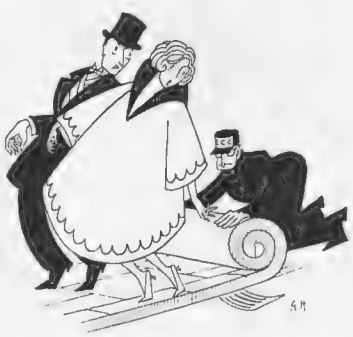
DEAREST EMILY JANE—

WHO was the goof who said, "On with the dance and let joy be unrefined"?

He certainly had never shaken a foot in London. Dancing is the great indoor sport over here, and they have taken jazz right into their folds, but I must allow that they have sort of given it a course in culture, because jazz in London doesn't mean shoulder shaking. Nope, these English dancers aren't stiff, not one bit, but they have taken all of the rough stuff out of modern dancing, and this in spite of the fact that there is no prohibition over here. My, what a relief it is to be able to drink a cocktail and not feel like a criminal! Can you imagine drinking a cocktail out of an honest-to goodness sure enough cocktail glass once again? I suppose they wouldn't taste good to you any more if you didn't drink them out of a teacup.

"I've actually taught one dear old lord, who suffers from the gout, how to fox-trot"

I have done most of the dance places in Town. I have danced on the same floor with dukes and earls, and I've actually taught one dear old lord, who wears a monocle and suffers from gout, how to do the fox-trot. He only ruined one pair of shoes, but it was worth it.



"Take in the sidewalks and lock up the Town pretty soon"

There is no such thing as dancing until the sun comes up and then dropping around to "Jack's," or some other place, for ham and eggs before you toddle along to bed with the homeward bound pennants flying. This old gloom, Mr. L.C.C., who I told you about once before, makes them close the orchestras down at midnight, unless you want to dance in American fashion, dry dancing, I mean. Well, you know that the best dancers are always inspired. I suppose this Mr. L.C.C. will order them to take in the sidewalks and lock up the Town at eleven o'clock pretty soon, and then there won't be any night life in London at all, at all.

"All the women of England seem to be giantesses"

I guess you have had enough of my patter about dancing. I'll change my song-and-dance and tell you my troubles. My dear, it's positively a task for me to get any clothes over here. All of the women of England seem to be giantesses, and they only make clothes for the women of England. Is it my fault that I have never grown out of the baby vamp class, and do they expect me to grow up to wear their clothes? I've been all over this Town trying to find some dresses to fit. I'm having some made, as soon as I can decide on which Court dressmaker I want to do the job.

Oh, I have some dirt for you. Who do you think I met in Hyde Park the other afternoon? Joe Schoolhuysen, it was. You remember, the nice blonde boy who ran the Y.M.C.A. library down at Camp Mimms during the War, and said he was physically unfit. I was walking with the Major, and, of course, I stopped, and there were introductions all round. Joe gave the Major and his monocle the once over, and then he had the nerve to pipe up and say, "I suppose you are going to settle down for life over here? England needs the money alrighto." That went deep with me. Wasn't it a nasty crack? I saved it up for him, though, and waited for an opening. He said he was going to France to tour the battlefields, and that was my chance, and in my sweetest, sugary voice I said, "Better late than never." That ought to hold him for a while.

"Joe gave the major and his monocle the once over"

Your own sister, LOU

Rain and Shine at Wimbledon

A COUNCIL OF WAR BETWEEN SETS

ONE OF THE "STARS"

"I MUSTN'T MISS THIS—SUZANNE'S PLAYING!"

"NOW YOU CAN TAKE ME DOWN TO TEA!"

WHEN YOU WONDER WHY YOU CAME!

ALONSO IN FULL FLIGHT

BY ROSE LE QUESNE

For a fortnight past, Lawn Tennis lovers have been irresistibly attracted to the New Wimbledon, where, in spite of the whims of the weather, large crowds have watched the fine play that the Championship Meeting has brought forth. The onlookers, too, have their interesting points—a few of which have been captured by our artist

The Pier, the Peeress, and the Peer

BY G. W. N.

It was at the evening concert on the pier that they became acquainted. She was as fair, as perfect as the evening sky under which they sat. Her hair was *blonde comme les blés*, and her eyes were "the greenest of things blue, the bluest of things grey." He, too, was very good to look upon. Their chairs were adjacent.

The band was playing selections from *Les Contes d'Hoffman*, and the haunting strains of the "Barcarolle" drifted with its quiet, passionate languor through the still and warmly fragrant evening air. It was the apotheosis of all romanticism, and he thrilled pleasantly. He wondered if she, too, were affected by that moment, and glanced cautiously towards her. She caught the glance and turned away with a frigid ostentation. That spoilt it, and he felt angry with himself. Then she dropped her programme and they bent simultaneously to retrieve it. It is a well-known axiom that two bodies cannot occupy the same place at the same time; their heads came into violent collision, and someone in the row behind giggled.

"Idiot," she muttered, wrathfully, and her cheeks flamed.

"I'm awfully sorry," he apologised, contritely, "I hope I didn't hurt you." But she sank back in her chair in angry and dignified silence.

Suddenly he felt something warm trickle down his forehead. He put up a hand and brought it away bloodstained. She noticed the action and glanced from the bloodstained hand to his face.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, quickly, "I've cut you."

"I hope it won't happen again." He smiled ruefully as he fished in his pockets for a handkerchief. "Dash it, I've forgotten. . . No, here's one."

"You must bathe it at once. Come along with me," she commanded imperiously, and he meekly followed her to the end of the pier, which was more or less deserted.

"This is stupid," she exclaimed, looking round. "There doesn't appear to be any place here where you could bathe it."

"There doesn't," he agreed, "but," he added, meditatively, "I know what I could do."

"Well?" she enquired.

"I could dive off the end of the pier and wet my handkerchief in the sea."

"Don't be ridiculous."

"You're quite right; it wouldn't do." He sighed regretfully. "Besides, I should have to pay another sixpence to get back on the pier. Do you mind if we sit down? I feel rather faint from loss of blood."

"It's stopped bleeding now," she pointed out coldly, but she sat down.

"Don't you think we might introduce ourselves? Really, I don't want you to cut me again."

"It was a hairpin," she murmured. "I'm Lady Cynthia Brampton."

He gave a start of surprise; he felt as though someone had suddenly popped a lump of ice down his back. "My name is Smythe," he said, quickly recovering himself. "Peter Smythe. I'm a bank clerk."

"I'm staying at 'The Splendid,'" she volunteered. He looked across the sea and smiled.

"I'm staying at a tiny boarding house on the front. 'Sea View,' it's called."

"Oh, really," she exclaimed, and this time she looked across the sea and smiled.

The next day when they encountered each other, Lady Cynthia merely bowed and passed on, but the day after, they met and talked, and the day after that, they talked and walked.

. . . . . .

"To-morrow, is our last day together, Peter."

"Our last day together in this place, dearest," he corrected.

"It may be our last day for ever," she sighed.

"I see what you mean," he said, bitterly. "Of course, there is the social difference. You will go back to Society; I must go back to the City. I was a fool to think that things could be otherwise, yet I dared to believe you loved me."

"I do, I do," she cried, passionately. "Nothing can make any difference to me. But, Peter, I've . . . I've something to tell you. Something which might make a difference to you. . . . Something you might despise me for. I must tell you to-morrow."

"Tell me now," he urged.

"To-morrow," she murmured.

To-morrow never came. He waited for an hour then went away.

. . . . . .

Lord Peter Brampton sat in his sister's boudoir. "She kept it up amazingly well," he was saying, "but she was beautiful."

"Then I'll forgive her for impersonating me," said Lady Cynthia. "I suppose she was a silly, romantic girl who wished to be a 'somebody' for a fortnight. It would have given her a nasty shock if you had said, 'Oh, are you Lady Cynthia Brampton? Then may I introduce your brother to you?'"

"It would have been cruel," said Lord Peter, slowly. "Besides, it would have spoilt it. You see, I wanted her to confess. She knew that I wasn't staying at 'Sea View,' because, curiously enough, she was staying there. The last evening she followed me to the hotel and found out from the commissionaire who I was. He told me the next day that a lady had enquired about me. She must have been horribly scared and ran away."

"Leaving you free to love another day. Where are you going, Peter?"

Lord Peter had moved towards the door.

"To Bloomsbury. She lives there," he explained. "And her name *is* Cynthia. Curious, isn't it?"

Lady Cynthia said nothing. There was nothing to say.

"The Repleat Angler"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

ABSENCE OF MIND

"THE WAY OF AN EAGLE"

AT THE ADELPHI

BY "JINGLE"

ILLUSTRATED BY MACMICHAEL

THIS play has been founded on the very popular novel of the same name, and it is scarcely, therefore, to be judged by the ordinary standards, since it presumably has already found its public. As a play the story is loosely put together, in parts it is a little extravagant, and here and there it comes to a complete stand-still in order that the "Eagle" may have a better chance of showing off his very superior virtues. We have first of all the old familiar scene on the Indian frontier, where a beleaguered garrison has abandoned all hope of relief, and can pray for no better fortune than to be able to die fighting. As far as the men are concerned we have been taught to believe that this sort of thing is all in the day's work; but here there is a lady in the case. Colonel Roscoe, in announcing the desperate situation to his captains, appeals to one of them to look after his daughter, Muriel Roscoe, and see that, if necessary, she shall be properly put out with a friendly bullet to save her from falling into the hands of the savage foe.

HAPPILY, things prove not to be as bad as that. Captain Nick Ratcliffe, the dare-devil of the garrison, is appointed the young lady's guardian, though she herself would rather have been put under the care of Captain Blake Grange, another of her admirers. Ratcliffe has a scheme for escaping from the fort and hiding away in the hills till the relief party can be met; and as Muriel is too high-spirited to abandon her father, Ratcliffe just dopes her into insensibility, and picks her up, and carries her to a mountain cave. This sort of thing pleases the ladies very much, and to meet such a situation with the cold criticism that it simply isn't done, is quite beside the question. In the mountain cave Muriel comes to herself and weeps a good deal, and scolds Ratcliffe for his impudence in bringing her to that lonely spot. But as an "Eagle," Ratcliffe is, of course, far too strong-minded to be hindered in his course by merely tearful protests. All that he cares to say is that there is a little spring a few paces away, and if Muriel will go there and wash her face she won't look so confoundedly plain, or words to that effect.

AS Muriel stoops to wash, as directed, a wily brown man creeps out of the shadow with a drawn knife in his hand and creeps towards her. (Sensation.) But in an instant the Eagle is on the job again. He jerks the brown man out of the vertical with a half-nelson combined with a bit of jiu-jitsu, and then adroitly slits the fellow's weasand with his own traitorous knife. Ratcliffe then picks the corpse up by its waistbelt and carries it off as if he were in the habit of doing callisthenics of this sort every morning after his bath, for his health's sake. The scene then changes to Lady Bassett's Indian bungalow at Silda. No information is vouchsafed on the programme as to the interval of time that is supposed to have elapsed between the two scenes, but it may have been a fortnight later. Anyway, there the young people are, and he proposes to her,

and she accepts him, and he gives her a ring engraved with the motto, "*Omnia vincit amor*," and that's that.

LADY BASSETT is the only friend of importance that Muriel possesses, and she knows all about the escape into the mountains. While Muriel is seated in an alcove in the garden Lady Bassett and a friend sit down and enjoy a nice quiet bit of scandal. Lady Bassett says that it's a pity that Ratcliffe is going to throw himself away on a girl like Muriel, though, of course, everybody knows that he is only doing it because he spent two nights in the mountains alone with her, and he has got to save her reputation somehow. And more to the same effect. (We know what cats they can be when they really let themselves go, don't we?) So when Ratcliffe comes back, which he does most conveniently, the moment the two gossips have gone off, Muriel says that she has decided not to marry him, and that her answer is final. But, of course, Eagles don't allow themselves to be pushed off the doorstep as unceremoniously as all that. Ratcliffe says he will take her at her word, and she must understand that she will be sorry for her decision presently, but he will not marry her unless she comes to him and begs him to do so. We have heard language of this sort on the stage before; but it is a safe card to play, as it always goes down well.

THE next act takes place in Devonshire, say a month later, unless the principal characters arrived by aeroplane, when, of course, the interval would be shorter. Here Muriel is staying with a grass widow, Mrs. Daisy Musgrave, and here she meets once more Captain Blake Grange, who was the only Englishman to escape from the doomed garrison in India. Muriel tells Captain Grange that she is afraid of Ratcliffe; that he seems to hold a spell over her that she cannot resist when he chooses to exercise his powers of fascination. Captain Grange tells her that a little thing like that is easily got over, as she can become engaged to him, and then Ratcliffe will be warned off the course. Then Ratcliffe turns up again, and seeing a new engagement ring on Muriel's finger demands, in the proper way of an Eagle, to know the truth. Muriel starts nagging him so furiously that it seemed to me that in persisting in following up a girl of her kind, Ratcliffe simply shows that he doesn't know when he is well off. However, every heart knows its own sorrow, as they say.

CAPTAIN BLAKE GRANGE'S object in proposing to Muriel

is not very clear, since it transpires a few moments later that he has a guilty intrigue with Mrs. Musgrave, with whom he proposes to elope. If his plans had matured I suppose Muriel would have had to spend her honeymoon alone. But at this point the action of the play is arrested while Ratcliffe starts preaching morality to Mrs. Musgrave with such success that she promises to give up the elopement idea and return to her husband in India. That settles her. Then presently Captain Grange is drowned in a storm at sea, and that settles him. The "Eagle" is thus gradually getting his own way because you can see that he means to have the girl, and though his method of courtship is gentleness itself, it is bound to be irresistible at the finish. The "Eagle" is Mr. Godfrey Tearle, who possesses, to begin with, all the physical qualifications for the part of a strong, handsome man. His splendid voice is heard to great advantage in the moral homily he addresses to Mrs. Musgrave, a detail which happily shows the admiring ladies that the "Eagle" is not only brave and strong, but he is also good. And I understand they ask no less of their heroes than that. Mr. Tearle steers his way through his difficult part with a nice sense of the humour of it, his very casual retorts to Muriel's frantic loquacity being at times delightfully amusing. As Muriel, Miss Marjorie Gordon is, it must be confessed, rather snappy; but she makes up for it all at the finish by being very charming indeed. Miss Jessie Winter plays the part of Mrs. Musgrave with much power, and makes it very much alive. The acting all round is on a very high level, which is just as well, because I can see that the public mean to have this play whether the critics want it or not. JINGLE

LILA MARAVAN AS OLGA

ORLINCOURT ODLUM AS DR. JIM

JESSIE WINTER AS DAISY MUSGRAVE

MARJORIE GORDON AS MURIEL

Photograph "THE DOVER ROAD": COSSETING HER HUSBAND'S COLD [*Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. A. A. Milne's comedy at the St. James's Theatre is a whimsical piece of work that could only have emanated from this clever author's pen. Here we see Leonard (Mr. Nicholas Hannen) undergoing treatment—forcible—at the hands of his wife, Eustasia (Miss Athene Seyler), and beneath the critical gaze of their host Mr. Latimer (Mr. Henry Ainley), the Butler (Mr. Allan Aynesworth) and the other elopers, Anne (Miss Nancy Atkin) and Nicholas (Mr John Deverell)

Washed Up by the Sea at Drury Lane

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN

As Perdita in "Decameron Nights" Miss Bannerman imbues this Lost Princess with all her beauty and convincing charm and one is most relieved to find that the beggar girl of the sea-shore is able to claim most direct blood relationship with an adjacent monarch and thus be enabled to wed the Saladin, who, of course, had fallen in love with her at first sight. If you cannot take that annual holiday in the East this year, you should go to Drury Lane; you will certainly enjoy a better impression

The Girls They L

ANY SEASIDE RESORT—A

Left Behind Them

ANY MONDAY MORNING

The Sisters

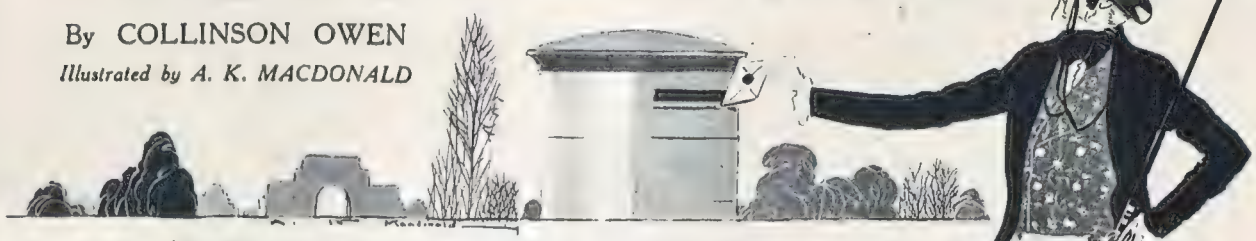
Photograph *Donald McLeish*

A CORNER OF OLD HOLLAND

Lord Jesterfield's Letters to his Son

By COLLINSON OWEN

Illustrated by A. K. MACDONALD



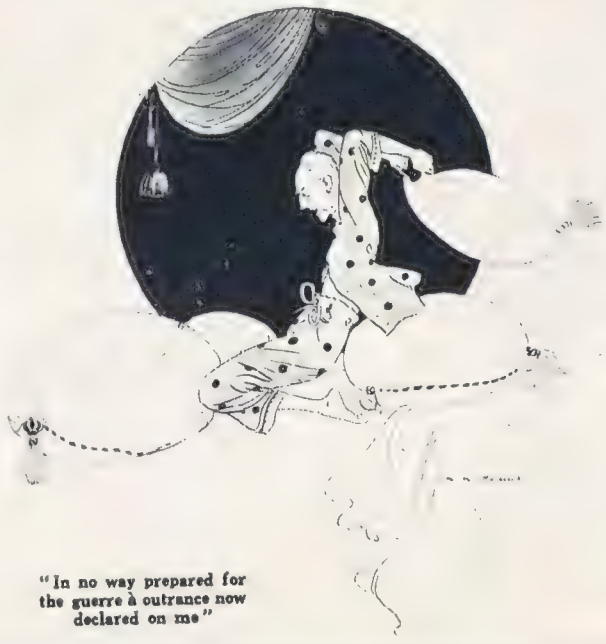
No. X.

MY DEAR BOY—

I WAS interested to hear that you had been, at the invitation of your friend, Prince Alexis, to the Balkans for the Royal festivities there, and have no doubt whatever that you are glad to be back again in Paris. To me, the most commendable aspect of your trip is its short duration. I many years ago decided that, as far as Europe is concerned, Vienna—or, at the furthest, Buda-Pesth—is as far East as any gentleman should go. Beyond that discomforts increase as manners decrease. One may, for a short season, and provided the reason be imperative enough, do without the luxuries of life. If one is uncomfortable, but surrounded by pleasant people, one may survive. But if one is both uncomfortable and surrounded by unpleasant people, then there are no words to express one's misery. A man who undergoes this experience once is unfortunate, but the man who suffers it wilfully a second time is a fool.

I REMEMBER, many years ago, making acquaintance in a Balkan capital with an insect of considerable size which I had never seen before. I will not give its name. There are vast surfaces of Europe which to civilised man are rendered uninhabitable by this particular *petit bête*, yet by an absurd convention its name is never mentioned. On this occasion—it was midnight—I awoke the whole hotel, and with an indignation in no way feigned pointed to my astounding capture. To my amazement the hotel staff reserved all their surprise for my own agitation. An ambiguous individual with moustachios and a sheepskin nightgown assured me in a villainous mixture of French and German that I had been lucky to find only one, and that as the night progressed I should probably make acquaintance with my captive's relatives. He proved to be only too good a prophet.

MOREOVER, I found that the further I proceeded East the more flourishing was this particular species of the *fauna* of the Orient. This, to my mind, is the real Near East problem. The climax came when I was the guest of a wealthy Turkish Pasha. I will say this for my host, that his manners were perfect. His career, I believe, had been singularly sanguinary, even for one in his state of life, but this in no way affected his amiability and general charm. You will, no doubt, by the way, have noticed that there are always to be found large numbers of Englishmen who stoutly maintain that "whatever else you may say of him, the Turk is a gentleman." These same people would explode with anger if they saw a huntsman ill-treating a dog. But though a Turkish *grandee* might have been the cause of the massacre of whole Christian populations, they would forgive him all this for the sake of his manners. This at first sight may appear mysterious, but it is really the most obvious thing in the world. Providing a man be polite and amiable there is little or nothing he may not do with impunity.



"In no way prepared for the guerre à outrance now declared on me"

HOWEVER, to return to my Pasha. He treated me *en prince*, and I am bound to say that his *konak* on the Bosphorus vied in magnificence with any mansion we may show in the West. I retired to rest, as I thought, alone, but surrounded by a degree of sumptuosity which, if a little overpowering, had its own charm. But shortly after lying down the first symptoms showed themselves. I had by now learned to fear the worst

whenever I retired for the night, but all my melancholy experiences so far in no way prepared me for the *guerre à outrance* now declared on me. To be brief, I was, in the midst of magnificence, eaten alive, and long before morning dawned I had finally decided that for me Eastern travels must be limited to the recitals of others.

But apart from this question of nocturnal misery there is another, and even more important, aspect of travel in Eastern Europe which, to my mind, makes such journeys barren of interest. It is that the further East you go the more *disgracieuse* the women become. I am sure that an expert cartographer could draw a line across Europe which would delimitate the zone where one enters the countries of thick ankles. This distressing phenomena begins with the middle reaches of the Danube, and grows steadily worse as one proceeds. I remember that by the time I arrived at Constantinople I was positively ill with the constant strain of trying to find a pair of ankles which did not cause a sensation of æsthetic misery.

There was, many years ago, a famous poisoner, one Wainwright, who, when asked why he had murdered a certain female, replied, "Because she had thick ankles." To most people, I imagine, this would seem a trivial reason, and would probably be regarded as the cynicism of a cruel and wanton monster. But though I should never be likely to allow my dislike of thick ankles to take such an extravagant form, yet I think there is a good deal to be said for such strong measures. Certainly, if Wainwright had ever travelled in the Orient, and seen those billiard-table legs which in those regions masquerade as ankles, his mania was eminently reasonable. One of those popular *clichés* which are so often uttered that they pass for truth and wisdom, is that the finest sight for the returned traveller are the white cliffs of old England. I am convinced that for the traveller of any fineness of feeling the first sight that really gladdens his heart and gives him a glow of passionate affection for his native land is the first view of a pair of English ankles.

"The true lover of Romance—especially if he be an archdeacon—will find more any day in Hyde Park"

You may take it as an axiom, indeed, that the further East you travel the less interesting does the world become, precisely because of the lack of interest of the women of those countries. Their minds are as thick as their ankles; what is more, when you arrive in the Orient itself the traveller may not even obtain a view of such women as the country possesses. How can any country be interesting if that very factor which is the chief *raison d'être* for all existence is not to be found? There is to me nothing more absurd than the so-called glamour of the East. Of what use are palm trees and a sunset if the only people available to share their beauties are barbaric men in ridiculous garments? The true lover of Romance—especially if he be an archdeacon—will find more any day in Hyde Park or the Champs Elysées than in ten years of travel in those exotic countries where one's night's rest is disturbed only by visitors who are unwelcome.

That you have been down to the Balkans is, in some respects, good. That you have returned so soon is better. One may truly say that travel in those countries is only valuable in so far as it teaches one to appreciate to the full the advantages of civilisation. After a period of acquaintance with a total lack of sanitation one learns that beauty is all the better for all the advantages of hygiene. Helen in a porcelain bath is infinitely more at home than peeping out of a lattice window on to a malodorous precipice masquerading as a street.

Let this, therefore, be the last occasion on which you waste your time in such a manner. With all the resources of art, beauty, and civilisation at your immediate call it is absurd to venture further to fare worse. A man, it is true, is all the better for shedding his illusions early. You have, therefore, made some progress in the art of life by venturing to the Balkans. But let this journey be your last. You should now be preparing for Deauville. There you will find all that civilisation can give, mixed with that *soupçon* of decadence without which there can be no true enjoyment. Make the most of your opportunities, my dear boy, and be sure to let me have a full report of them.

JESTERFIELD

Champagne Como

BY HELEN McKIE

The Lakes are the Wonderland of Italy, and Cernobbio, on Como, with the palatial Villa d'Este overlooking the limpid waters, is without compeer. One dines on these moonlit terraces with the strains of an orchestra drifting softly through the thickly-treed gardens, and, of course, there is dancing

Femina

Concerning a Flutter

BY "CANDIDA"

WHAT a summer, at least up to the time of writing! Whoever invented it need not be proud of his handiwork. It's an even less creditable performance than the usual Scottish spring. It opened quite well with summer attractions well to the fore, with sunshine and flowers and things, and by the time you had acquired half a dozen costly georgette frocks, and hats to match by the yard, and new sunblinds, and an expensive ice-machine, the rain "wumped" down as usual, and the people in the papers proclaimed an entire absence of anticyclones, or whatever it is that makes summer worth living. How it poured on one's largest tulle hat at all the best garden-parties! How it blew an icy blast right through one's gauziest sleeves and accordion-pleated skirts till they refused to pleat any longer! And how it pelted on that important Monday morning of the first day of the summer sales!

AS, I believe, Shakespeare has said, that was almost "the unkindest cut of all." But were we disheartened? Never let it be said. An army of umbrellas, good, bad and indifferent, patrician, ivory-knobbed with bronze Buddhas for handles, and umbrellas shabby and hopeless, like those that cumber the corners of station waiting-rooms, all fought for the early buses and cheered themselves up with the thought that there would be no crowds in Regent Street. "It is too wet," said each umbrella to itself, "and I shall have all the nice, cheap things to choose from." Alas, for poor, ever-beguiled human nature! We are, we always will be, unexplored mysteries to each other. What is rain, especially when you've grown up with it, so to speak, compared with a *grande passion*?

NOT the least use in disguising it. Everybody knows that it's the passion of our life to try to get something for nothing, just because it's contrary to the laws of nature and man. But it's not easy. There's the trade, on the one hand, all affable smiles on the surface, and grim determination at heart, to make good somehow the great big losses of a long, long slump. Does that look like having things for nothing? And then there's the rest of us, all grim determination on the top not to be outwitted at any price, and underneath the usual feminine weakness and willingness to be beguiled, so long as we think we've got hold of a bargain.

OH, that bargain! Is it ever worth the toil and the trouble of chasing it? Sometimes it is. Sometimes one can cut a dash on a limited income with a real Paris model on its last linings, shall we say, a model which a little first aid at home will restore to its original shape, if not its freshness. Is it worth the battle of umbrellas to achieve, as a reward for fighting, an expensive French appearance at the cost of a few British guineas? I think so, especially when it takes, so they tell you, ten years off your figure. The French model look goes all the way, if men but knew.

BUT the thing that makes the sales so irresistible is the unknown-quantity atmosphere that hangs about them. Once upon a time you always knew where you were. There were no upheavals, no collapses, no slumps, and a bargain was a bargain within limits. But nowadays nobody knows anything definite about those limits either way. You are told continually: "You had better buy now, madam. When next it comes in (whatever 'it' may be) if it comes in at all, it will be twice the price."

WHAT an appeal to madam's romantic imagination! To buy to-day for ten guineas what others, less cautious and energetic, will be paying twenty guineas for to-morrow! How should she resist it? She does not resist it. And when to-morrow comes round, and the ten-guinea bargain, contrary to all justifiable expectation, has gone down to eight, is she therefore a wiser and a sadder woman? Not a bit of it. What's the difference between a flutter in French models, which is condemned, and a flutter at your broker's, which is done by everybody with the best of intentions? You played the game, and you lost it. But aren't there still other games to be won, still other worlds to conquer? At present the economy game which everybody's got to play, more or less, is well worth losing money for. There's no other fun attached to it. Ask anyone who knows about the economic situation, and you will wonder that anyone of us can afford to keep alive at all. CANDIDA

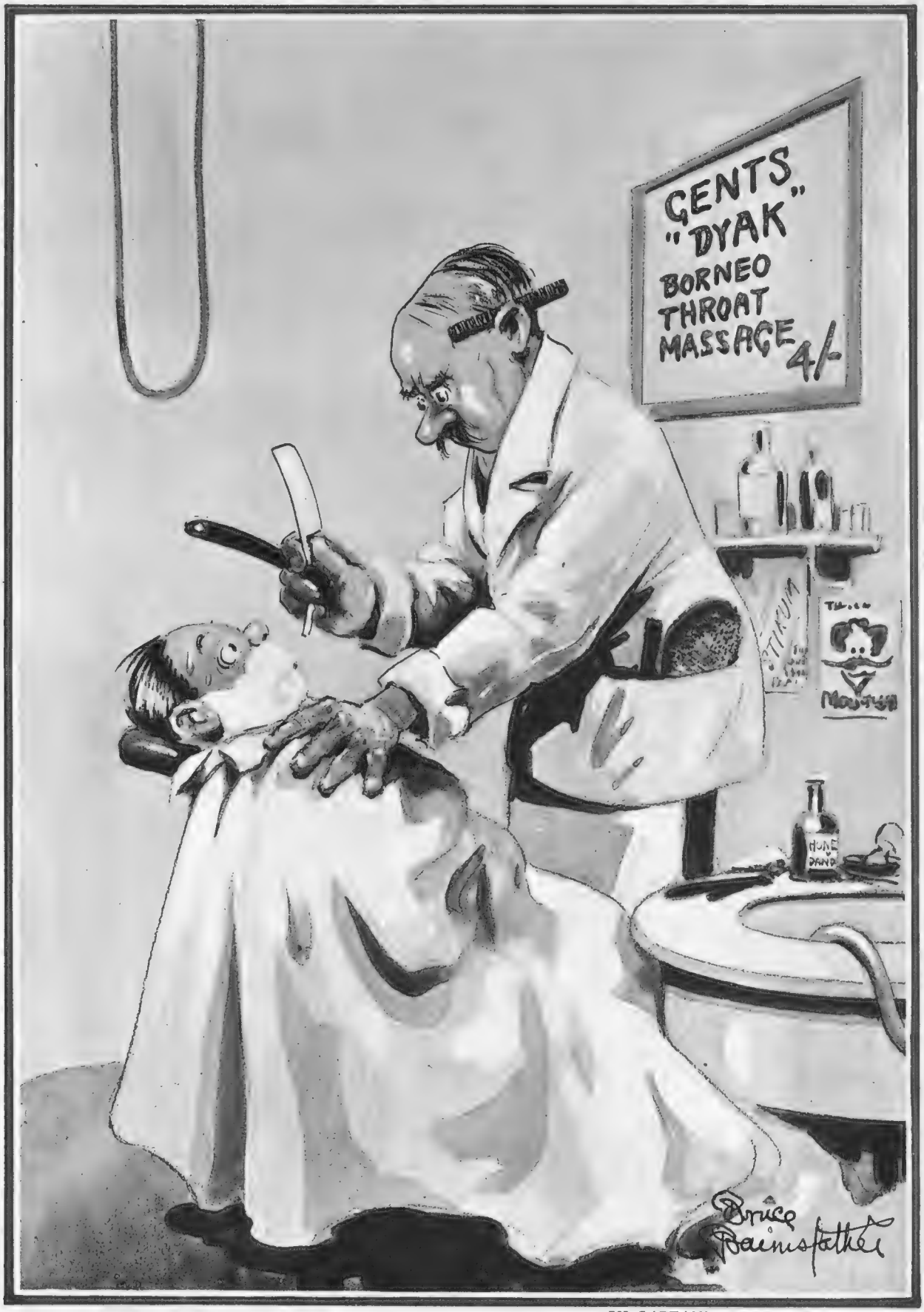
THE FINANCIER By HARRY WOOLLEY

"But I feel sure that I gave you a shilling this morning in Bond Street"
"Very likely, mum, I've got another branch office there!"

BY G. S. SHERWOOD

THE BOARDING HOUSE TALKER

A Hair Raiser



BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

It's always at this moment that my thoughts turn to all forms of legalised insanity

A Hectic Week-End at Le Treport

BY "ROLAND." *ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

FROM my balcony I watch the most lazy fisherman of all the France. It is enough to give one the envy of the idleness. One has not ever thought much of the energy of the *genre* fisherman, except of the fervents who pursue the combative salmon and the agile trout. The others have the air to spend most of the time in the contemplation, or perhaps it is the cogitation, in the preparation for the subsequent narration.

YET even they have the flickers of the activity when the unexpected happens and a foolish *goujon*, which has hooked itself, has to be carefully landed, measured —and multiplied. But my lazy fisherman has no violent outbursts of the such description. He has everything arranged on the pulleys and not any gobbling *goujon* could rouse him from his lethargy. As a fact, he fishes at the mouth of a tidal river, and it is not the *goujons* but the *poissons de mer* which he entraps.

BUT it is not the kind of fish which he secures but the manner of the captures which has the interest. If I had found him at the mouth of an English river I would have affirmed that he is a reader of THE BYSTANDER, and has studied the system of pulleys under the weekly direction of M. Heath Robinson. But out here in backward Le Treport, one cannot confidently place the blame on M. Heath Robinson.

THERE is not any doubt, however, that the fisherman and M. Heath Robinson would be the great friends if they should meet. The passion for pulleys should, clearly, attach them one to the other with the frictionless ties. I think M. Heath Robinson, also, would approve entirely of the one-dip system practised by the pulley-fisherman. It is so superiorly trade-unionish. Any fish which does not conform to the system does not have the honour to be taken into the boat, but just falls back into the river, perhaps to become the victim of any ordinary fisher-fellow.

TO explain this it becomes necessary to describe the machinery. In the boat is a kind of clothes-mangle, like that of the wash-woman. A rope runs over a series of pulleys fastened to an arm, from the end of which is suspended the net, made square by rods at the four corners. By turning the handle of the mangle, the net is lowered into the deep water, where it is allowed to remain for about five minutes, then drawn out by reverse action on the mangle. Generally it contains about a score of the succulent little fishes. When it is hauled clear of the water, the man of system, seated comfortably on his stool, leisurely stretches forth a shrimp net and makes one unemotional scoop in the larger net. The fish which fall into the scoop come into the boat as the "catch." The others are reprieved, for the net is lowered again into the water and they are able to swish away before the next turn of the handle.

"On the shoulders of the male stalwarts"

THIS disdain for all the fishes that do not conform strictly to the system gives the fisherman an air of distinguished superiority. Possibly it is the pulley-pride by which he is possessed. I have the feeling that anyone other than M. Heath Robinson ought to approach him *chapeau en mains*, as the incorruptible one-dip, high priest of the little pulley-god. If I can pluck up the courage, before the Monday morning train, I shall seek to interview him. These devotees at the pulley-shrine are so rare. I have the feeling that he is the only other. He should have the precious words of wisdom to unfold.

IT is the fact he has obsessed me so effacingly that I have asked no other excitement of

"The family party"

"A HECTIC WEEK END AT LE TREPORT" (*concluded*)

Le Treport for the *week-ending Anglaise*. But we have the abundance of thrills, really. One has lost five francs in a single night at the Casino. *Palpitant, n'est-ce pas?* All that vast wealth to go *krach* in a single *soirée*. One has, however, had great value for the money.

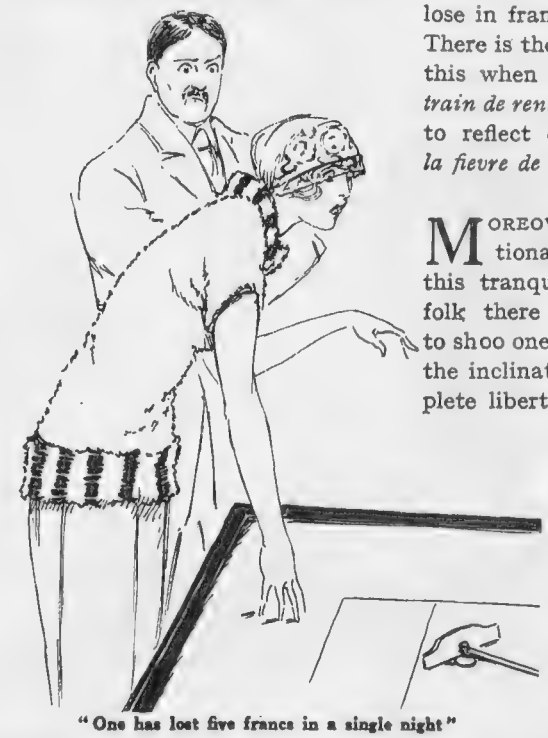
FRANKLY I have the good word for the Casino at Le Treport. There is the insistence that if they must take your money, they will not take very much of it, and anyhow they take it very, very slowly. And unless one is frightfully unlucky, one gets a very good run for a little expenditure. I have seen a cautious gambler play out a whole session on ten francs and still possess a few *jetons* at the finish. That is a return for the money, is it not, in a Casino? To experience all the emotions of a flutter at Monte Carlo for the price of a packet of good cigarettes, is an unusual facility that is worthy of the exceptional note.

NO doubt my friends who rail at me because I do not care for Deauville will say I have the plebeian tastes. *Tout de même*, I make my mark for the Casino *au Treport*. One can, *au moins*, lose the money merrily. And it must be hateful to win the money at Deauville by the side of those strained and anxious faces which line the tables. Similarly at Monte Carlo, one is appalled by the expressions of anxiety on the faces of the players.

"That anyone other than M. Heath Robinson ought to"

THERE is too unpleasant a suggestion of the Morgue for one to have the relish in the fortunate spin of the ball. *Pour moi*, the family party air of the Treport, all of the time. And, besides, one is fairly certain to lose, anyhow, so one might as well lose in francs as in *billets de mille*. There is the vast satisfaction about this when one comes to take the *train de rentrée*, and one has the time to reflect over the foolishness of *la fievre de vacances*.

MOREOVER, there is the additional "besides." Here in this tranquil abode of the fisherfolk there is not the conspiracy to shoo one into the Casino against the inclination. One has the complete liberty to do as one pleases, the only suspicion of a bribe being that the entrance charge is but one france and a half, for which one has the freedom to dance to the harmony of a very charming orchestra. There is not the conspiracy to make you do anything at all. One may do just as one pleases. With the result that there are the jolly parties on the beach, forgetful of the existence of the Casino.



"One has lost five francs in a single night"

THERE has been to-day, *par exemple*, a Grand Prix of the mermaidens, which has been the delight of all the crowd. There have been nine starters and nearly nine finishers. Possibly it is because there is the fashion to include the jockey caps with the bathing equipment at the Treport that one has had the idea to make the race. At all the events these brilliant caps have assisted to facilitate the betting and swell the excitement. The *demoiselles* of the bathing costumes have been mounted on the shoulders of the male stalwarts, and they have whipped up their steeds to the frantic pace along the resounding pebbles. Black and orange has made the severest whipping, and has deservedly captured the trophy, the form of which I have forgotten to ascertain.

FOR at this critictal moment I have been informed that there is *le golf* at Le Treport, and have departed to make the investigations at the top of the cliffs, where it is said to exist. I have found the shuttered and forlorn hotel which used to be the home of convalescence for the British officers, and I have met the sad golfers, burdened with the heavying clubs, also engaged to search for the lost links which used to be there.

BUT not any of us have been able to find *le golf*, which does appear to have been sacrificed to the four-legged beasts. *Cependant*, we have found on the cliffs the air *comme le champagne*. We shall certainly visit again Le Treport for another *week-ending*.

ROLAND

BY MARCEL PONCIN

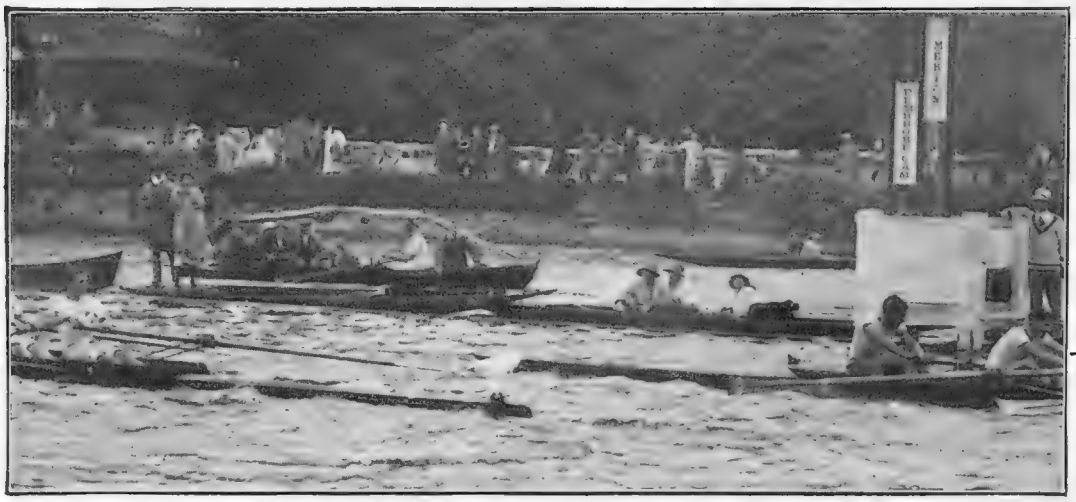
A NIGHT OF REVELRY

The Bal des Quat'z' Arts, the revel without restraint of the Paris art students, is a fête not meant for the uninitiated, and for whom the barriers of passwords and close scrutiny are insurmountable. One leaves to the imagination the hectic happenings on this Montmartre night of nights

SPORT o

AS SEEN BY

HENLEY and



Photograph *Photopress*

MERTON (OXFORD) FOUL PEMBROKE (CAMBRIDGE)

Towards the finish of their heat in the Wyfold Cup Merton, overtaking Pembroke, fouled them, breaking the blade of the Pembroke stroke's oar. They finished first, but were disqualified for being out of their course when the foul took place

Photograph *I. B.*

THE FRENCH EIGHT BEATEN IN THE GRAND

In the heavy weather of Thursday last the French crew from the Marne, being a light crew, stood very little chance against the powerful Jesus eight, head of the river at Cambridge, and were easily beaten

Photograph *Sport and General*

A. A. BAYNES (Australia)

After his race with S. Earl, of Magdalen, Oxford, whom he beat by a length and a half

Photograph *Topical*

J. O. ANDERSON (Australia)

With his mascot at Wimbledon. His match with G. L. Patterson was the great event of last week

Photograph *Photopress*

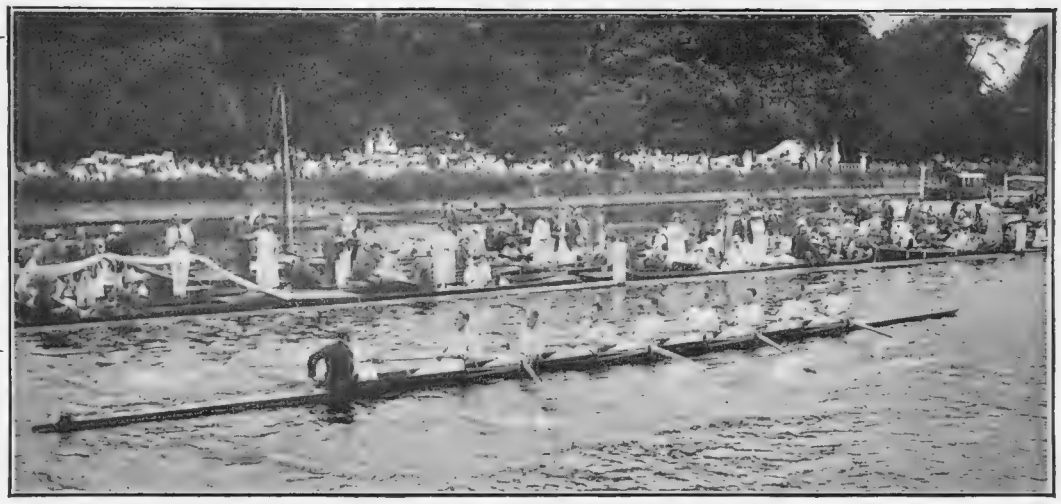
G. L. PATTERSON (Australia)

The champion of 1919. He and Anderson were the two best men in the championship

the WEEK

THE CAMERA

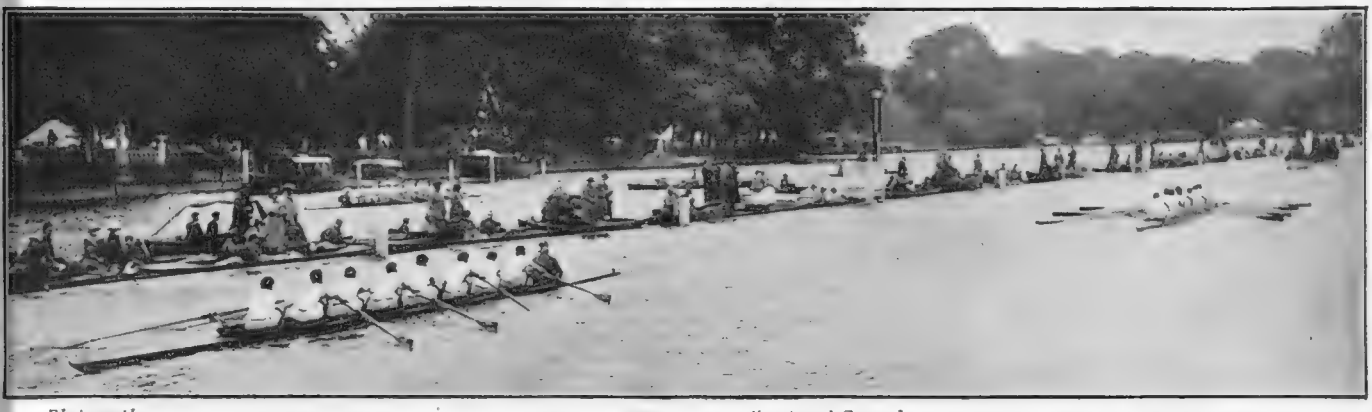
WIMBLEDON



Photograph *Sport and General*

TO THE FORE—AS EVER

The Leander Eight who worthily maintained the traditions of the leading club of the rowing world at Henley last week. Names: P. H. G. H. S. Hartley (bow), H. C. Boret, G. O. Nickalls, D. T. Raikes, A. B. Ritchie, R. S. C. Lucas, Hon. J. W. Fremantle, E. D. Horsfall (stroke), H. W. Porritt (cox)



Photograph *Sport and General*

OXFORD DIVIDED AGAINST HERSELF

Two of the leading rowing colleges at Oxford, Magdalen and Christchurch, met each other on Thursday in the Ladies' Plate. Magdalen, after a fine race to Fawley, drew away and won, as shewn above, by two lengths

Photograph *Keystone View Co.*

MLLE. S. LENGLEN

Even the New Wimbledon was not big enough to hold the crowds which went to see her win

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. PEACOCK

One of our best players. She met "Suzanne" in the semi-final—with the inevitable result

Photograph *I.B.*

P. H. G. H. S. HARTLEY

The famous Cambridge stroke. He rowed bow in the Leander eight last week

Commercialising Cricket

BY "ARBITER"

"County Cricket is the backbone of the game." Writers who can claim to speak with authority are very fond of using this phrase, and when they use it they seem to think that they are merely enunciating a self-evident proposition which requires no proof and admits of no refutation, and yet I very much wonder whether it is really true. The same writers, when it suits their purpose, tell us quite cheerfully that the County Championship itself is but a vain thing, and unsatisfactory as a test of the real merits of the teams competing in it for divers reasons. With these reasons "followers" of county cricket are fully conversant, and, therefore, I do not propose to discuss them. But all the same we are expected to believe that county cricket is the backbone of the game. I hope that I am not the only unbeliever.

The tendency in the case of all our foremost games of late has been to make them more and more a vehicle for the entertainment of the public at large. Directly this happens you get an increase both in the numbers and value (from an entertainment point of view) of the men who make a business of the game, to the detriment of those who play it for their own amusement. The outstanding illustration of this, it is almost needless to say, is Association Football. The game still exists as an amateur game, but it does not flourish. Professional and League football, which has grown to be one of the biggest forms of entertainment in the country has been its bane.

I do not suppose that things are likely to come to the same pass with cricket. If ever they do, it will not be in our time; but I do think that there is a growing tendency to foster the entertainment side of cricket without due regard for the interests of the game itself, for its traditions, and for the very large body of players who wish to play for their own amusement, and not for the amusement of others. County cricket is undoubtedly becoming more and more a vehicle for the amusement of the public, with the inevitable result that, as time goes on, we are getting more professionals and fewer amateurs in the county teams. The average professional player is, naturally, a better player than the average amateur, because cricket is his business, and those who "run" county teams, equally naturally, want to have the strongest teams available. Consequently, they employ as many professionals as they can afford. What is more, if there is a vacancy in a team, and it is a toss-up whether a professional or an amateur should be chosen, the professional usually gets it because of the feeling that, as the county is paying him, he may as well be used.

Let it be understood that I have not a word to say against the professional cricketer as such. He is an excellent fellow in every way. But I do not like the way in which he is slowly but surely squeezing the amateur out of county cricket. There are other indications, upon which I have not space to dilate, that county cricket is gradually becoming more and more commercialised, and I refuse to believe that, played, as it is, so largely by professionals for the entertainment of the public, it is the backbone of the game. If it is, I am sorry for the future of cricket. We have seen the condition to which a commercial backbone has brought Association football.

There is too much county cricket nowadays; there are too many (so called) first-class counties, and the result is that there is a lot of county cricket which is merely farcical. And yet every other form of cricket has to be subservient to county cricket. We had an illustration of this last week when the teams for the Gentlemen *v.* Players match, an historic encounter, were not the pick of the sides which they represented, but merely the best of the men who did not happen to be engaged at that particular time in county cricket. We are told that trial matches with a view to choosing the best team against Australia cannot be held because to do so would mean an interference with the County Championship programme, and so on. I am sure that all this is the outcome of that mistaken notion that county cricket is the backbone of the game. I have the very greatest respect for the M.C.C. as the governing body of the game, so much respect in fact that I would dearly like to see it do a little more governing. It will be making a grave mistake if it does not grapple with the menace of commercialism before it is too late.

Photographs *Sport and General*

G. K. COX (Eton) R. H. BAUCHER (Harrow)

The two Captains of the Eton and Harrow elevens, between whom the annual cricket match is due to be played on Friday and Saturday next

For Summer Days

Drink "Ovaltine" for Health!

P. 165

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

The Eclipse

ON Friday all roads for racegoers will lead to Sandown Park, for who among us would care to miss an Eclipse Stakes if it could be helped. What memories are called up by this race! Seasoned enthusiasts recall the immensely popular victory which rare old Bendigo achieved in the inaugural year of the Eclipse. The sensational win of Surefoot, with the odds betted on Common badly floored; the triumph of Ard Patrick over Sceptre, and the discomfiture of Rock Sand; the dead-heat between Cicero and the French colt Val d'Or; the short head victory of Prince Palatine over Stedfast—those are some of the incidents which have helped to make the Eclipse Stakes famous in racing annals.

Will Tamar Win?

SHALL we have anything approaching to a sensation this week? To my mind the race looks a reasonably good thing for Tamar, but it is just possible we have overrated this colt. In any case he looks like having a worthy antagonist in Golden Myth, whose brilliant successes at Ascot rank among the brightest features of the season Golden Myth has got to give Tamar a tidy bit of weight, and I don't know that a Gold Cup winner is quite a suitable horse for the Eclipse course. But we have seen Persimmon and Prince Palatine win the two races in the same season, and Sir George Bullough and his trainer are hopeful that Golden Myth will prove equal to following their example. Lord Astor has already gained three consecutive victories in this race, and I am fully prepared to see **Tamar** give him a fourth triumph.

Behind the Ditch Again

MEANWHILE we have another of the delightful meetings behind the Ditch at Newmarket. What a treat it will be, for instance, if Pogrom and Selene oppose each other in the Falmouth Stakes on Wednesday. Nobody knows which is the better of these two charming fillies. As an Oaks winner we must, I presume, give Pogrom the preference, but she will have to concede 5 lb. to Selene, and that should make it a close thing between them. There are other smart fillies in the entry who will be in receipt of substantial weight, but **Pogrom** has my vote. On the same afternoon I shall expect **Black Gown** to prove capable of carrying his substantial weight to the front in the July Handicap.

A SELECTION FOR SANDOWN

By "The Tout"

Problems for Backers

THE various handicaps on Thursday look like giving backers plenty to think about. What an open affair, for instance, is the Three-Year-Old Handicap—just one of those races in which you could pick out half-a-dozen likely ones and then miss the winner! I am inclined to think that the hitherto disappointing **Drake's Drum** has a good chance here, though it is rather against him that his owner, Lord Glanely, cannot do anything right on the Turf just now. The Summer Handicap may be won by **Juniso,** while I look to **Legality** to secure the Chesterfield Stakes, though he may have to tackle a couple of brilliant contemporaries in Pharos and Drake. It looks like being a race well worth seeing.

Cracks at Sandown

BUT the most important two-year-old event of the week is, of course, the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown Park on Saturday, for there is a chance that those undefeated cracks, Cos, Town Guard, and Duncan Gray may come together, in addition to several other good performers. This is the most valuable juvenile stake of the year, and some youngsters who have not yet been seen in public will probably run. Noteworthy among these is Lord Astor's Saltash, own brother to Buchan and half-brother to Tamar. A good deal is thought of him at Manton, but he will need to be a real champion if he is to beat Cos and Town Guard. The Whatcombe filly will have the better of the weights, and for that reason I predict the success of **Cos.**

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POLO NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

The Champions

Owing to the break in the weather polo managers are finding themselves in a bit of a tangle with their July tournaments, but after one postponement the final of the Champion Cup was brought off at Hurlingham last week. Play took place in a regular deluge, yet the keen interest which the game evoked was strikingly denoted by the good crowd of people, including a big sprinkling of womenfolk, who, regardless of the teeming rain, watched it from beginning to end. And the match was well worth watching, too. For although the Argentine team were always on top with regard to goal-scoring, and finally won by the decisive margin of 12 goals to 8, the Eastcott four gave them a very hard fight, and with a bit of luck might have made it a desperate finish. Twice they hit a goal-post, the ball glancing off the wrong side. If the ball had gone the other way it would not have nullified the Argentine team's advantage, but the moral result would have been important.

Argentine Triumph

Altogether it was a game from which victors and vanquished emerged with the utmost credit. It was a supreme test for the Argentine team, because the conditions were totally different from those to which they have been accustomed at home. They showed us that they can play brilliant polo on soft ground as well as on hard, and this victory was the culminating triumph of a wonderfully successful tour. Their victories have exceeded their own expectations, for when they arrived here they doubted whether they would be strong enough for the best English teams. Mr. Lacey and his comrades will, I know, agree with me when I say that the luck has been with them in that untimely accidents to players like Lord Wodehouse, Mr. Buckmaster, Major Barrett, and Lord Rocksavage have prevented our strongest tournament teams from opposing them.

Our Weak Spot

A member of the Argentine team told me a few days ago that nothing had struck him more forcibly than the dearth of young players here, and the apparent absence of any effort by the older players to coach them properly in the game. "If any youngster shows promise in the Argentine," he said, "he is taken in hand by a senior player like Mr. Lacey, and carefully taught every possible stroke." No doubt it is such tuition that has enabled the brothers Nelson and the brothers Miles to make their mark in polo so early in life. I am afraid there is a good deal of truth in our visitor's criticism.

A Note from Basrah

According to a letter I have received from a correspondent at Basrah, the Royal Air Force hope to have a decent polo team in September. Grounds, of course, are the trouble, as there is not a blade of grass anywhere. My correspondent writes: "*Your Summer Sports Number has just arrived. I do not think I have seen a better number since I began reading "The Bystander" eleven years ago.* I wish you could take a little off our temperature and add it to yours, which is apparently still on the chilly side. The highest shade temperature to-day was 123.3 degrees. There is a certain amount of sport going on in this country, but troops are comparatively few, and day-time sport—golf, tennis, polo—is well-nigh impossible owing to the heat."

A. W. C.

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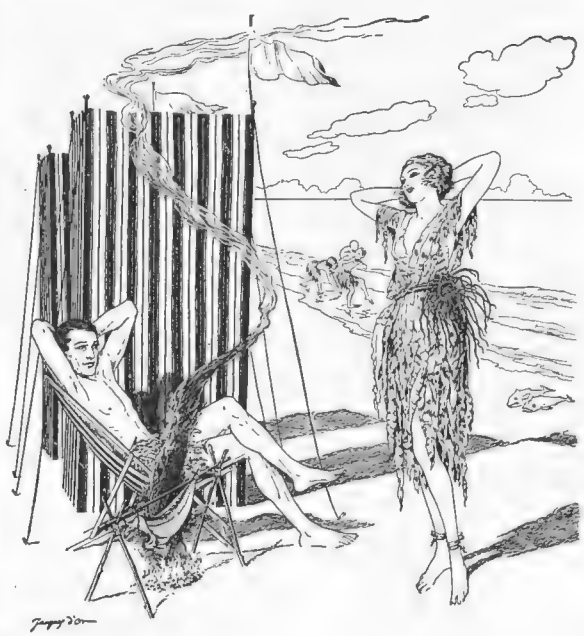

Flotsam and Jetsam

SOCIALISM.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

WHAT is Socialism? It is a disgustingly sordid level to which the muddy majority, in their impotent jealousy, seek to drag down all refinement; a degrading plane of thought; a wintry Arcadia on Salisbury Plain.

Socialism is a blank illusion, a mirthless myth, a momentary nightmare with no possibility of conscious reality. If it were conceded existence it would rapidly accomplish the destruction of all arts, the negation of all joys of life, the annihilation of all incentive to progress, and eventually result in a chaos so decayed that only the foul could endure the stench.

Our intellectual Socialists are either hypocrites or imbeciles. One of our leading novelists proclaims himself a Socialist and demands an exorbitant price for his priceless words of wisdom; and another of our pseudo-socialistic playwrights waxes wroth when his royalties prove as short as his vision. Whilst of the more sincere type, our lecturing academic professors, handicapped by mission-hall astigmatism, merely expose a pitiful ignorance of economics and a lack of understanding of human nature that is adolescently comic.

So far as England is concerned, the danger of Socialism is merely a bogey of fear invented by the "men who lost the peace."

* * * * * * *

Personally, the Socialist, the Bolshevist and the Communist leave me chillily amused. The only list to which I resistlessly incline is the Individualist, which is, at any rate, an honest declaration.

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Barclay's London Lager

THE last man's "out": his partner carried his bat after two hours' fierce hitting under a scorching sun. The players have come into the welcome shade of the pavilion glad of a rest after a strenuous day. It's a glorious feeling, that tiredness after hard physical exercise in the open air—and a long cool drink of Barclay's London Lager is deliciously refreshing!

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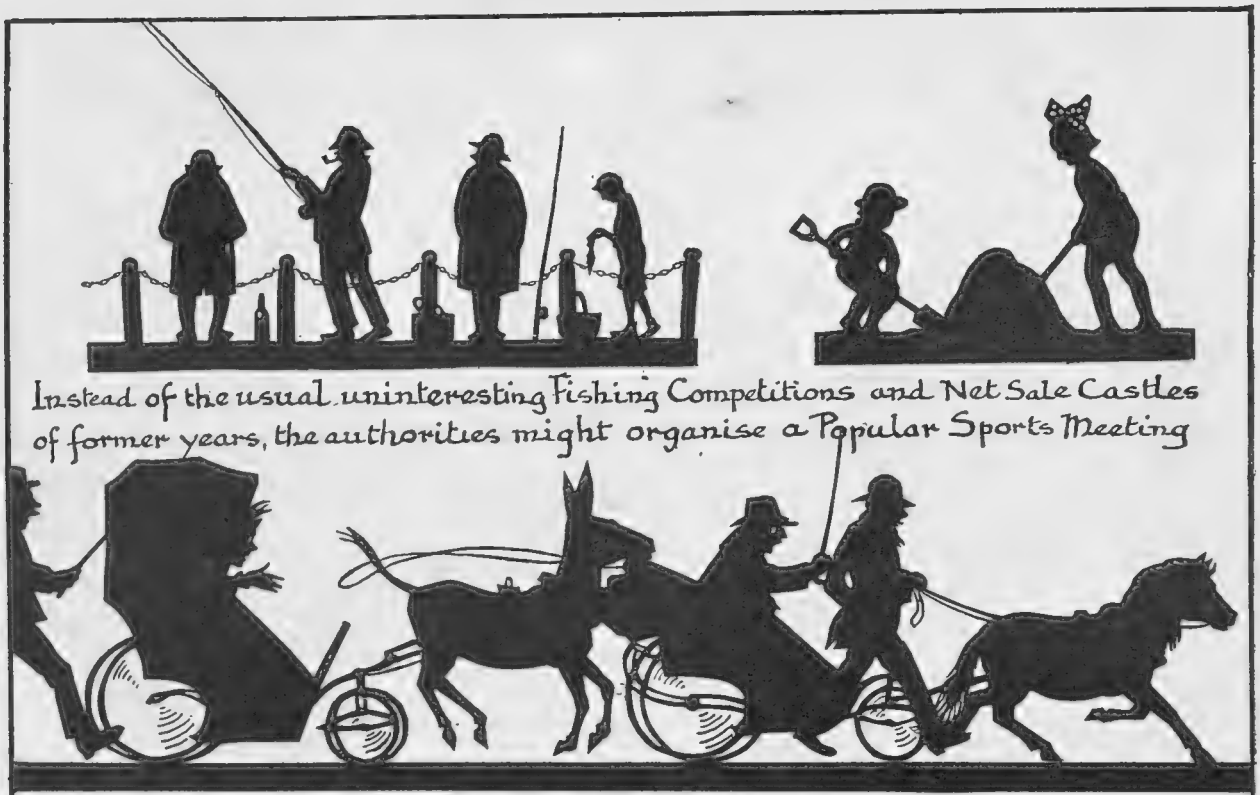


SILHOUETTES BY H. L. OAKLEY

SOME SILHOUETTE SUGGESTIONS

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

I BELIEVE that there are some people in this country who still refuse to take Professor Stephen Leacock seriously. It is very strange. Here is a distinguished professor of political economy in one of the Canadian universities who in the course of his studies has had occasion to write a dozen books or more on various subjects of great, if not always strictly economic, interest. Why, then, refuse to recognise him for what he is—a serious student of deep human problems? Take his new book, for instance. *My Discovery of England* (Lane: 5*s.* net) is a serious geographical work, probably the most useful handbook ever written for those who come to see "the old country." And it is not only informative; it is positively helpful and constructive. Naturally, a professor like Leacock coming among us sees things in a new and fresh way, and we are grateful to him for so amiably suggesting how we could make affairs in general a little—brighter.

❊

THERE is our method of interviewing distinguished strangers. It is all wrong. We don't seem to care what they think of our great cities. We don't even give them good cigars on their arrival. Then everybody knows that our politics are made most complicated for us; the professor goes to Westminster, hears a debate, tips a policeman, and is able to explain the entire British Constitution in a chapter that is probably more concise, clearer, and more truthful than any other chapter ever penned. Then there is Oxford. It is common knowledge that Oxford is practically bankrupt. The professor has made a profound study of Oxford, and if his suggestions were adopted—as, for instance, courses on salesmanship and advertising, and new modern blocks of lodgings for the students — Oxford might have some chance of competing with one of the more successful American colleges. As it is—well, to read Leacock is almost to feel ashamed that we have been able to do so little in the matter of real education.

❊

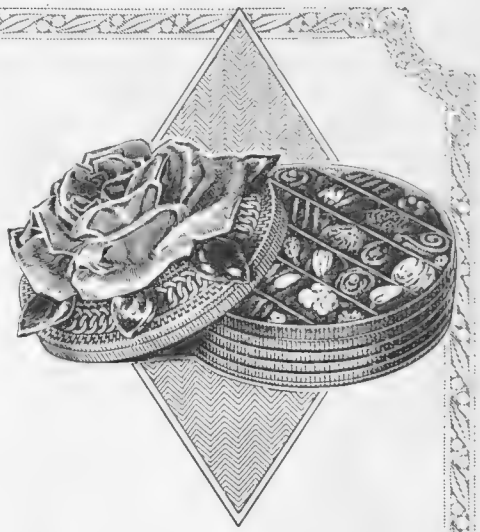
AGAIN, our trade is passing through a critical stage, but Professor Leacock, himself a highly trained economist, is full of the brainiest notions for our guidance, and he should at once be incorporated into the Prime Minister's secretariat, if not into the Cabinet itself. As an interpreter, moreover, of the Scottish character he is great. In Scotland, he found whisky is never drunk as a beverage, but only as a medicine or a precaution, or as a wise offset against a rather treacherous climate. How true! But I have said enough. Here is *the* guide-book to England. Baedeker must for ever hide his head. Leacock's little manual will shortly be in the hands of all those who come from afar to see us as we are. One slight error, however, might be corrected in future editions. Speaking of the Tower of London, "the principal penitentiary of the City," the professor remarks: "Here Queen Victoria was imprisoned for many years." But surely he has confounded the Tower of London with the Tussaud Museum?

R. S.

No English Books

Describing in the *Graphic* the International Book Fair at Florence, Helen Zimmern says: The English section is deplorably poor and unrepresentative of English book-activity, and were it not that the Medici Press, which has an agency in Florence, have filled it with their pictures and books, the room would be almost empty. The English publishers, when approached, replied, "it would not pay them" to exhibit. The Union Jack flops mournfully in this room.

Maison Lyons Chocolates



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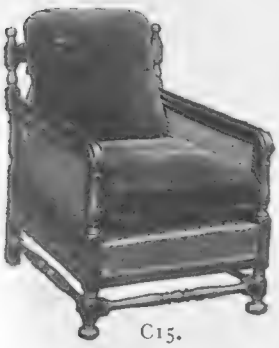

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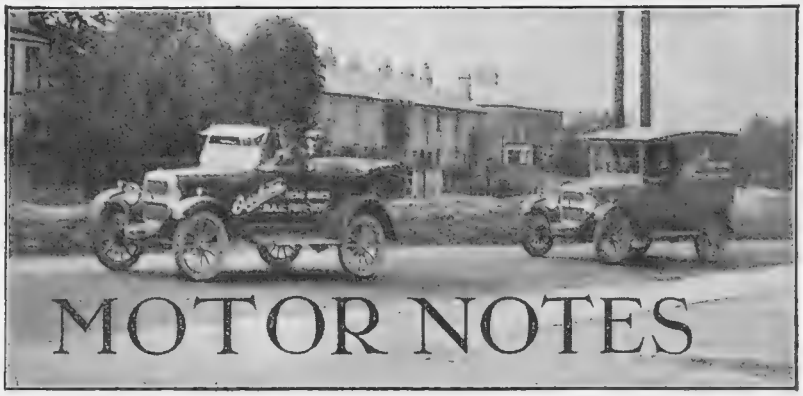

MOTOR NOTES

AN OVERLAND TRIAL

The two Overland cars during the R.A.C. officially-observed fuel consumption test of a Standard Overland touring car and a Standard Overland delivery van

IT was a happy coincidence that the Dunlop tyres—Cords and Magnums—swept the board of prizes in the Tourist Trophy and "Fifteen Hundred" c.c. races in the Isle of Man, as June 29 was the centenary of the birth of Robert William Thomson the inventor of the pneumatic tyre, whose patents, with those of the late Mr. Dunlop, made possible the development of present day road transport. The Dunlop Company owned all those patents, but the Royal Scottish Automobile Club, in co-operation with the Town Council of Stonehaven, have placed a tablet on the site of the dwelling in which he was born a hundred years ago, and handed it over to the care of the Provost of Stonehaven on its anniversary this year, for Mr. Thomson was born on June 29, 1822, in the Market Square in Stonehaven. The house in which he was born was taken down in the 'seventies, rebuilt by the father of the present occupant, Mr. Alfred Lyon Wood, whose mother, Mary Thomson, was a sister of the man whom all motorists honour. London motorists may remember Captain H. Lyon Thomson, ex-Mayor of Westminster, who is the eldest son of the late Mr. Thomson, and who is, and has been, always interested in the development of motor road transport, while another son, Colonel Sir Courtauld Thomson, rendered conspicuous service as a Red Cross Commissioner during the War. His other two children are Elspeth, wife of Mr. Kenneth Grahame, the well-known author, and Miss Winifred Thomson, the eminent miniature painter. Mr. Thomson died in Edinburgh in the spring of 1873, and was a respected and welcomed member of many of the intellectual and scientific circles in that city.

* * *

IN order to have an official decree of the efficiency of the Willys-Overland-Crossley vehicles, an Overland touring-car and an Overland delivery van were given an R.A.C. observed fuel-consumption and reliability test. These two standard vehicles were driven 1,264 miles from London to Land's End, up to Scotland and back at 19.9 miles per hour, without any coasting. The gear changes were only forty-nine out of top gear for the whole of this distance, and the petrol consumption worked out to 33.14 miles per gallon for the Overland car (38.33 ton-miles), and 28.2 miles per gallon (41.5 ton-miles) for the van, which are most satisfactory.

* * *

THE advantage of the power of the 18 h.p. rated Overland motor in the touring-car was well exemplified by the fact that in one stretch of roughly 400 consecutive miles only one gear change was made by the driver. Which goes to show that top-gear driving does help for economy in fuel consumption. Both these vehicles were just ordinary stock

(Continued on page 104)

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MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

articles, not specially tuned up or altered in any shape or form from what are sold to the public every day. This is as such trials should be conducted, for the motor user nowadays is not to be misled by any special performances on faked cars. Every buyer knows too much for that sort of window-dressing, and a good thing, too, for all concerned.

* * *

MR. J. D. SIDDELEY, C.B.E., the managing-director of Armstrong-Siddeley Motors, Ltd., entertained a number of well-known people interested in the progress of motoring on July 4 at the Royal Automobile Club in celebration of the 10,000 miles R.A.C. reliability trial of the 18 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley car, which made so excellent a performance in that long run. But allied as these cars are with Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., Ltd., one can always feel sure that any goods concerned with this world-famous firm can be relied upon to give excellent service.

* * *

WHEN the larger 30 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley car made its first bow to the public, people were apt to scoff at its "Dreadnought" lines, yet to-day one has grown so used to its appearance that our roads would look strange without these cars, and there are a large quantity of them on the highways, due entirely to the comfort and reliability they have given their owners. For that reason I was not astonished to see that the 9 h.p. Stoneleigh three-seated "utility" car win the gold medal for its class at its first public competition in the recent Scottish 1,000 miles reliability trial, as these little cars also are made in these works at Coventry. As most motorists know, Scottish gold medals are the most difficult awards to gain of all the laurels sought for by motor manufacturers.

AFTER THE 10,000 MILE TRIAL

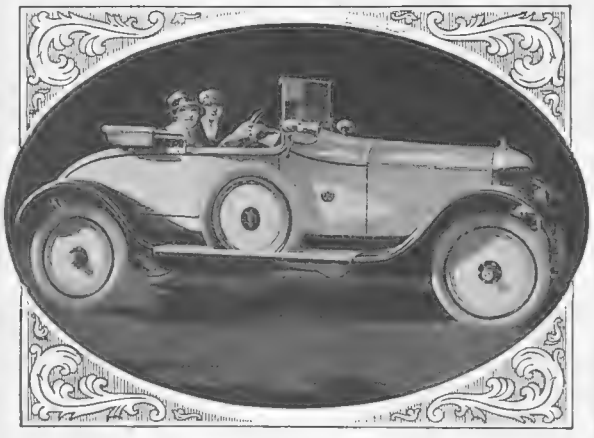
The Armstrong-Siddeley car after passing successfully the R.A.C. reliability trial of 10,000 miles

* * *

AS a result of the satisfaction given by the Crossley cars used as the official buses by the Prince of Wales in his recent world tour, Messrs. Crossley Motors, Ltd., have been appointed Car Manufacturers to His Royal Highness, a tribute to a British car that will be noted with interest by the motoring public. Which reminds me that during the Barcelona International Motor Exhibition, the Lanchester 40 h.p. chassis was the object of congratulations from King Alfonso, when he visited the stand of the Lanchester Company's Spanish agent at that show.

* * *

SPAIN used to be quite a good market for British cars of high power, and as His Majesty is a good judge of what a car ought to be, praise from him is well worth having, so I hope Lanchester cars will be bought by the Grandees of Spain, as they can stand all the wear the rough roads in that country demand from motor carriages. And no small demand, either. OLD HY.



THE best finished and most attractive looking light car on the road Nor is its beauty only skin deep, for the whole design of chassis has been made perfect by many years experimental and racing work. Acknowledged by all connoisseurs to be the best light car in the world.

The "Amazing 'A-C'" now holds 115 speed records, which is over 5 times as many as any one car which competes in its classes, and over 3 times as many as all other light cars combined competing in similar classes.

The AC LIGHT CAR Worth more than any other

Full range of models always on view.

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The address of the agent in your district sent on request.

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SHELL is the only Motor Spirit

supplied to dealers and garages in bulk, for resale through kerb-side petrol pumps, with the stipulation that it is to be stored and retailed separately—

NOT MIXED

with any other brand or grade.

These conditions are made in the interests of the motoring public equally with our own. We know that in "Shell" we possess infinitely the best motor spirit procurable, and we cannot risk its use for raising the quality of inferior brands or grades of petrol.

To ensure the best running, use Shell Spirit and Shell Motor Lubricating OIL.

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SPORTS CLOTHES
FOR
SCOTLAND.

Coat in Tobacco Brown Corduroy Velveteen, bound silk braid, lined throughout.

7 Gns.

Tweed Skirts from

4 Gns.

Hat in Corduroy, or Suede in tones to match, trimmed feather mount.

45/6

Goods sent on approval on receipt of trade reference

No. 4534 Oxford Shoe, Louis Heel. Made in Nigger and Grey Suède, also in Patent Leather.

A pair of shoes should mean as much to you as a hat--so why not give them the same thought?

THE footwear certainly plays as much part in the perfect toilet as the hat. Ladies who recognise this really obvious truth and appreciate good shoes at economical prices are permanent customers for

Portland

A SHOE OF QUALITY

Ask for Portland by name at your shoe shop.

In case of difficulty write to the manufacturers:
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Portland Shoe Works, LEICESTER.

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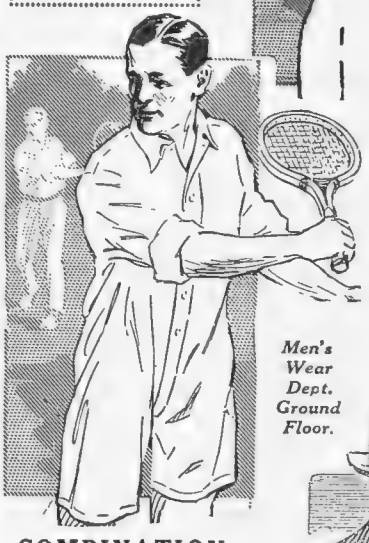
Summer Sale

Now Proceeding. *Ends July 31st.*

Sale Bargains for Men

Many bargains are being offered in Gorringes Men's Wear Department. The following values in Newest Sports Wear are typical, and in every instance the quality is of Gorringes usual high standard.

POST ORDERS
Post Orders should be accompanied by remittance or usual trade reference.
Carriage Paid
Gorringes pay carriage on these goods to any address in U.K.



Men's Wear Dept. Ground Floor.

TENNIS SHIRTS
(with collar attached)

Cream union Flannel Unshrinkable. Sale Price **14/6**

White Mercerised twill, will wash and wear like silk. Sale Price **9/11**

Cream Cotton Taffeta. Sale Price **8/6**

Aertex Cellular. Sale Price **13/6**

Fine all wool Taffeta. Sale Price **19/11**

Cream Twill Silk. Sale Price **29/6**

COMBINATION SPORTS SHIRT

Something New in Sports Wear.

This ideal Sports Garment combines a smart Tennis Shirt with Knee Shorts. It will not ruck up, allows perfect freedom of movement and is guaranteed unshrinkable. Made in three lengths to each size collar so as to ensure good fit. Sale Price **10/3**

In Cream Cotton Taffeta.

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Fine All-Wool Taffeta Sale Price **23/6**

"ECLECTIC" GOLF COAT

(As sketch) perfect fitting. In fine All-Wool Stockinette, improved Norfolk shape, half belt and button pockets. Sizes: 38, 40, 42 ins. chest. Sale Price **39/6**
44 ins. chest 3/- extra.

Also loose Cardigan shape, no belt or lapel, same quality and finish. Sizes: 38, 40, 42 ins. chest. Sale Price **26/-**
44 ins. 3/- extra.

Colours: Grey, Heather, Lovat, or Brown.

FREDERICK GORRINGE Ltd., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.

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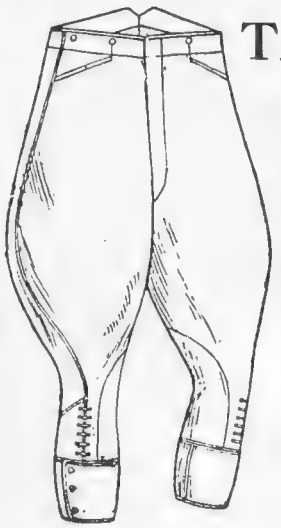
PALL MALL

Established 1772.

SPORTING CIVIL AND MILITARY TAILORING



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An impression on brown paper is taken of all garments for future reference. This will specially appeal to country gentlemen and those living abroad, thus obviating a fit-on for future orders.

Self-measurement forms, tape and patterns sent on request.

Ex-Service men are employed in our own workshops.

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(T. H. RANDOLPH, Managing Director)
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Great JULY

IRISH LINEN SALE

During our great July Sale of Irish Linens we are offering all our standard goods at greatly reduced prices. Many of the offers we cannot repeat at the price after they are sold out. We enumerate typical bargains.

No. B. 157. AMAZING OFFER PURE IRISH LINEN SHEETS, PLAIN HEMMED.
Size 2 x 2½ yards ... per pair **35/6**
,, 2 x 3 ,, ... ,, **41/6**

No. B. 157. PURE IRISH LINEN SHEETS. HEAVY MAKE.
Size 2 x 3 yards ... per pair **45/6**
,, 2½ x 3 ,, ... ,, **58/3**

No. B. 157. PURE IRISH HEMSTITCHED LINEN SHEETS. SUPERIOR QUALITY.
Size 2 x 3 yards ... per pair **48/6**
,, 2½ x 3 ,, ... ,, **62/6**

No. B. 157. ALL PURE LINEN BLEACHED EXTRA HEAVY HUCKABACK TOWELLING, WILL GIVE ENDLESS WEAR. To-day's price 3/6.
Width, 26 inches ... ... per yard **2/9**

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Width, 24 inches ... ... per yard **1/6½**

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THE LAND OF
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Via NEWHAVEN and DIEPPE

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FORGES-LES-EAUX
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And over 50,000 receiving stations—you nearest pillar box is one of them.

Air is good for children's feet

but beware of accidents if you let them run barefoot. For perfect ventilation, with comfort and safety,
HALL & SONS' TOE-CAP SANDALS
are unequalled. Ideal fine-weather footwear.
Prices: Sizes 3 to 5, **7/-**; 6 to 9, **8/6**; 10 to 13, **9/11**. Size 1, **10/6**; Size 2, **12/6**. Also with double soles for hard wear, Sizes 3 to 5, **8/11**; 6 to 9, **10/6**; 10 to 13, **11/9**. Size 1, **12/6**. Size 2, **15/9**.
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A BOX OF SAMPLES sent post free for inspection and selection at home. Send outline of foot drawn standing.
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Silent and Pliant.
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Ask for "4711"
IT is the *Original* and *Guaranteed Pure—Full Strength*—with the *Lasting Fragrance.*

To Look and Keep Cool
and refresh your skin in the trying heat add
A FEW DROPS of "4711" in the ***washing basin*** daily—cleanse the pores of the skin and improve the complexion.

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(The Safe Brand of aspirin)

The wonderful, pain-relieving properties of Genasprin are equally potent in all cases of

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To GENATOSAN, Ltd.,
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Roger & Gallet

Distinct from all others is this perfume. It imparts to all who use it a charm of fragrance that fascinates by its delicate sweetness

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CITY OF GLASGOW DYEWORKS
MARYHILL GLASGOW

Miss Annette Benson in her "L.B." Felt. *Photo by Arbuthnot.*

Model 717.

Made in various fittings, in White, Putty, String, Sepia, Champagne, Oyster, Pearl, Havana, Cornflower, etc.

Soft Felt pull-on toque. Silk lined throughout. Feather mounts 2/6 each **39/6**

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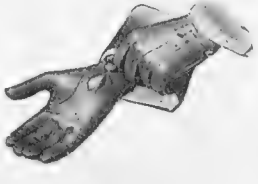

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Many Valuable and Practical Remnants being offered at HALF - PRICE ON THURSDAY

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THE CORRECT MODE FOR AUTUMN

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Usual Price 35 Gns.

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No. 164.

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10,010 Miles

in 23 Days—R.A.C. Reliability Trial.

SINCE the early days of motoring the long distance trials held under the control of the Royal Automobile Club have placed the Hall Mark upon the quality of a motor car.

An 18 h.p.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

6 cylinder Open Touring Car—travelling 450 miles each night and day (Sundays excepted) has just completed in 23 days an R.A.C. Road Trial of 10,010 Miles—equivalent to more than a year's average mileage—with the following results :—

FUEL CONSUMPTION.	24.64 m.p.g.
OIL.	6 pints = 13347 m.p.g.
TYRES.	The same 4 outer covers were used throughout (except for temporary removal owing to punctures) and are still in sound condition.

THE TOTAL TIME OCCUPIED IN REPLACEMENTS AND ADJUSTMENTS WAS UNDER 2 HOURS.

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YOU CANNOT BUY A BETTER CAR.

PRICES & MODELS:

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Chassis	£575	£775
Open Touring Car .. (complete including side curtains)	£795	£1050
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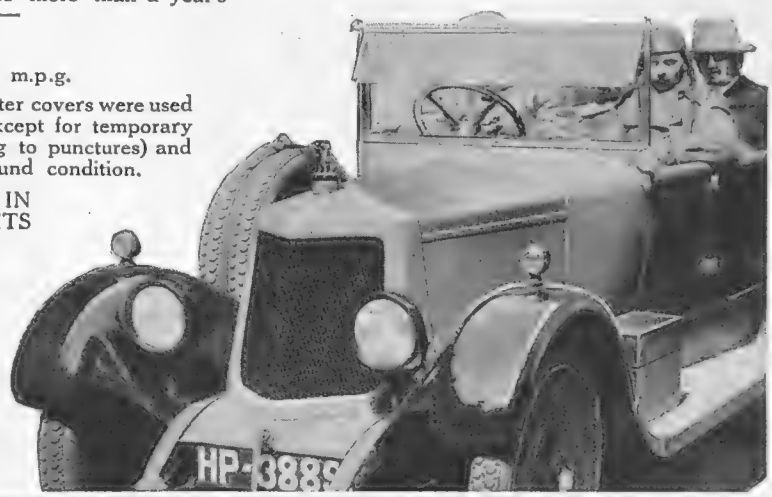
Landaulette	£975	£1250



I hate exaggeration

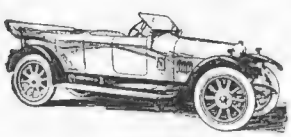
And I have met another man of the same kind: the salesman who sold me my £495 Angus-Sanderson. Quiet voiced fellow. Full of his subject, but never a trace of over-stressing.

What he had to say of this really wonderful car, of the new company's organisation, service, and everything—*that* would have made me a purchaser at £594 instead of £495.

But gracious! Now that I know the car from personal experience — why, I could tell a twice-better story. And I never exaggerate . . .

Take my advice and get an Angus-Sanderson.

An A-S Owner.



With Lucas electric starting and lighting set, clock, speedometer, and electric horn, hood cover and side curtains, spare wheel and tyre, luggage carrier, and full kit of tools. EVERY CAR GUARANTEED FOR TWELVE MONTHS **£495**

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America's Finest Tobacco

1/3½ per oz. Packet
2/7 2oz. Packet
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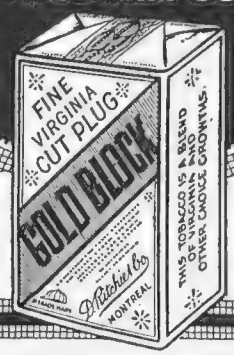
GOLD BLOCK
FINE VIRGINIA CUT PLUG



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G.B.15

Manufactured by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., under contract with Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Ltd., successors to D. Ritchie & Co. Montreal.

When "She" Comes to see the Match—

She may be more critical of your appearance than your play. Certainly you will want to look your best and—if you have your "whites" scientifically cleaned by Achille Serre you will.

Trousers, Sweaters, Blazers. etc., do not have a "washed" look if cleaned by us. All spots and stains are removed and the pure, clear colour is completely restored. No shrinkage or "cockling." Orders returned in FOUR DAYS. Cost 1/9 per pair for trousers. Other articles in proportion.

Achille Serre Ltd.

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K 19

Pure New Wool and Weatherproof.

THE AQUASCUTUM COAT

PURE New Wool, weatherproof and self-ventilating. Made in many styles, Colours include fawns, browns, greens, lovats, greys, etc.

"LINGFIELD" as illustrated
7 & 8 Gns.
Other models from
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Coats sent on approval against remittance or London trade reference.

Mention of "Bystander" will bring catalogue and patterns by return. Agents in principal towns.

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By appointment to H.M. The King and to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

100 REGENT STREET LONDON W

IN all kinds of Washable Needlework and coloured Embroidery, satisfactory results are assured by the use of CLARK'S "ANCHOR" THREADS. They are even, strong, smooth, look and feel like silk, are in White and unfadable colours, and are in all degrees of fineness.

"ANCHOR" THREADS are sold by Drapers and Needlework Depôts throughout the world, with leaflets of instruction, transfers, designs, etc.

There are seven "ANCHOR" THREADS:—
COTON A BRODER — VELVENO
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FLOSS EMBROIDERY

All made by
CLARK & CO LTD
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MARK OF QUALITY
THE LONDON SHOE CO Ltd

PERFECT FITTING

E.B. 1168
58/6

"Athenian" Shoe, smart toe, Louis XV heel, in Black Glacé Kid, Bronze Kid, or Patent Leather. Also Best Quality Deerskin in Black, Grey, Beige or Nigger, 63/-.

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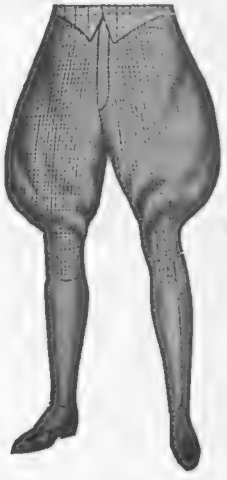

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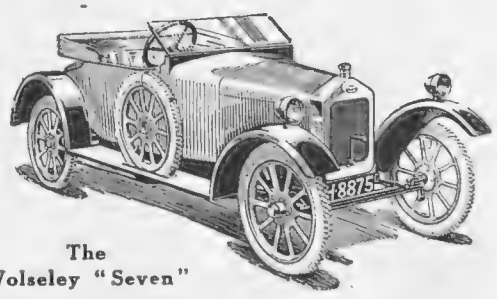

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THE ARDEN SCIENTIFIC SKIN TREATMENT

affords the easiest and most efficient means of acquiring a faultless complexion and lovely contour. Elizabeth Arden has attained an international reputation, and countless well-known women of society and the stage have been made to look years younger through her infallible methods. Why not enjoy the same advantages? Call for consultation or write to Elizabeth Arden regarding the condition of your complexion.

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The Venetian Preparations are the fruit of Elizabeth Arden's long study and experience, aided by her natural talent for administering to the needs of the complexion. Applied in accordance with the Muscle-Moulding treatment, the Venetian Preparations cannot fail to accomplish gratifying results.

Cleansing Cream
is a perfect skin cleanser. It liquefies on the skin and takes every particle of dust and foreign matter out of the pores. It is soft and soothing, supplying natural oil to the skin, and should be used whenever cleansing instead of soap and water. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

Ardena Skin Tonic
A mild astringent and stimulating tonic for the skin; used in conjunction with the Cleansing Cream, it whitens and refines the skin, leaving it clear, fresh, and radiant. 3/6, 8/6, 16/6.

Orange Skin Food
Every skin requires a good pure skin food. Orange Skin Food keeps the skin full and youthful, nourishes sunken and relaxed tissues, prevents dryness, fills out hollows and attenuation. 4/6, 7/6, 12/6.

Venetian Velva Cream
nourishes the skin without fattening. Specially prepared for maintaining its soft, smooth texture. Do not wait until the summer sun has wrought its havoc but protect your skin now by giving it daily care. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

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A greaseless astringent cream which closes enlarged pores, tones up the skin tissue, and refines even the coarsest skin; removes blackheads and pimples. 4/6.

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A fragrant vanishing cream which protects the skin from wind and weather, and forms a lasting base for powder. Invaluable when motoring or golfing. 4/6, 8/6.

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A protection to the skin, imparting an exquisite flower-like finish. Prevents freckles, tan and sunburn. 6/6, 10/6.

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removes lines and wrinkles and keeps the skin smooth. 6/6.

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A delightful soap, just like a lemon—a splendid bleach for the hands. Box of six, 5/6.

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A lovely pure powder, subtly perfumed—peach coloured, soft and adherent to the skin, dustproof to the pores. 12/6.

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A well-known Daily Illustrated Paper of June 19th said:

"Nearly every well-dressed woman at Ascot was wearing pearls, so lustrous that they must have been real gems or their wonderful counterpart——

Ciro Pearls"

Such unique testimony cannot but convince the most sceptic person that Ciro Pearls are all we claim them to be. If you come to our showrooms you will be convinced, or, if you cannot, avail yourself of:—

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On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl Jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl Necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

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Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Autres Temps, Autres Modes

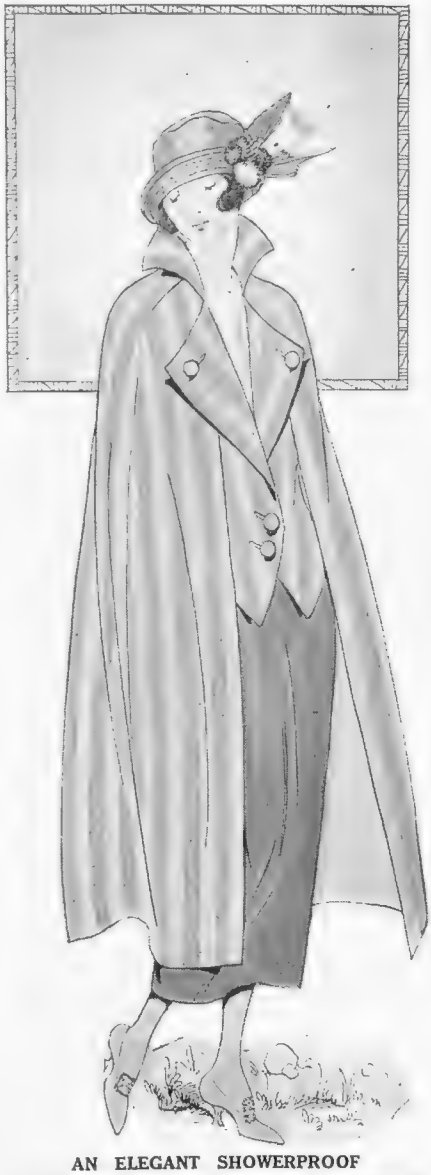
THE raking up of old modistic history in the cause of Princess Mary's Costume Ball at the Albert Hall, proved, as such affairs inevitably do, an intellectual as well as an attractive feast. It is amazing how hazy the majority are on period dressing. I saw a film the other day that was dressed just twenty years behind the time it was supposed to represent. This was pointed out to the producer, who merely shrugged his shoulders and remarked it was near enough. I have no particular penchant for the pictures, but I should dearly like to have the dressing of a few of them.

That history is for ever repeating itself in the dress world must be apparent to the dullest intelligences, although the new fare dished up differs materially to meet latter day exigencies; while there are certain old-time fashions that have been buried for good and all. Such, for example, as wet weather garments.

It is wholly impossible to imagine the well-dressed woman of to-day wearing the ugly pepper-and-salt showerproof wrap of the last century. As the old-time apparition flashed before my mental vision I laughed aloud before the contrast afforded in the newest and most elegant of showerproof cloaks designed and made by Burberry of the Haymarket. You see it pictured here, and it surely speaks for itself of the vast progress made in such matters.

Burberrys' cult for exclusive materials is world famed, and their Urber silk has no rival. For the particular showerproof in question, they are employing an effective striped variety in shades of green, grey, and fawn. The cloak illustrated is of the first-named *nuance*, a circular affair with a fascinating cross-over waistcoat that is held in place by an elastic at the back. The collar, of generous dimensions, can be worn up or down, and there is also a *chic* Burberry pull-on hat of the same material, trimmed with a natural plumage mount. Other styles effected in this striped Urber partake of coat form, and one and all have that particular *cachet* so long associated with the name of this tailoring establishment. These people, however, are never content to rest on their laurels, and their very latest achievement is a novel silvery tweed. This is an exceedingly light, flexible material, with a Shetland finish, in Donegal colourings, and that it is assured of making fresh history in the suits now preparing for the early autumn, no one who has seen it has a shadow of doubt.

The firm are now busy designing new models, some of the coats being semi-fitting and others straight and loose, held in by belts. There are no greater adepts in handling that subtle semi-fit than Burberry, while the touch and finish they accord every garment hall-marks it as of supreme value.



AN ELEGANT SHOWERPROOF

This is effected in Urber silk, striped in shades of green, with a fascinating cross-over waistcoat that is held in place by an elastic at the back. The collar, of generous dimensions, can be worn either up or down, and there is a chic pull-on hat of the same material, trimmed with a natural plumage mount

Sketched at Burberrys by Betty Nisbet

Interesting Facts in Connection with Felt Hats

NOT only for sports wear, but with the neat, severe type of tailor-made, there is unquestionably a growing feeling for the soft, pull-on felt hat; while for riding this style of headgear is equally accepted as correct, saving only in the hunting field.

Prominent among those who have been giving close attention to this particular class of headgear are the great sports hatters, Lincoln Bennett and Co., 40, Piccadilly. They have studied deeply not only quality but form, and one of the procedures here is the varying of shapes in preference to running one model through a long range of sizes. The differences are slight, but they are sufficient nevertheless to make a material improvement in the resulting becoming appearance. A marked feature with all the best felt hats, whether for riding or ordinary wear, is the deep crown. This is now rendered imperative to take in not only the whole of the head, but the hair, which at once does away with a change in the dressing, as was necessary with hats modelled to just fit the crown of the head.

A further advantage these deeper crowns have is that every wearer can give to them her own distinctive touch, denting in the front, back, one side or all round, as is most pleasing and suitable. We have been privileged to make two sketches (page xiv) at this house, the one illustrating a model for everyday use of zephyr-weight dovegrey felt, of the best quality, the price of which is 29*s.* 6*d.*, and a riding hat, built with either a round or square crown, the flexible brim just slightly curled and bound with ribbon. This is obtainable in black, grey, or fawn, and represents the acceptedly smart piece of riding headgear. But at

Lincoln Bennett's there are to be found a number of exclusive shapes, the firm making a speciality of suiting every type of face.

TWO CHIC HATS

These are eminently desirable models from the house of Lincoln Bennett, Piccadilly, one being for everyday use of zephyr-weight dove-grey felt and a riding hat, the flexible brim just slightly curled and bound with ribbon

Sketched by Betty Nisbet

Linen that is Genuine

THE feel of cool, slippery linen sheets, the silky texture of fine damask, affords the same joy to the fastidious housewife as does the handling of china and glass to the connoisseurs in *objets d'art*. The main thing, however, when purchasing linen is to be sure that it is genuine, and not be taken in by such terms as linen finish, goods that are of cotton, and without a particle of linen in them. There is no need for any such precautions when dealing with Robinson and Cleaver, Belfast, who, at the moment, are holding their annual clearance, and who have a fifty years' reputation to uphold.

Considerably below the cost of making to-day are some white, real linen damask cloths, 2 by 2 yards, at 14*s.*; 2 by 3 yards, 16*s.* 10*d.* Another range, limited in number, starting from 18*s.* 6*d.* Splendid bargains, moreover, are to be had in a clearance of tablecloths and napkins, slightly imperfect, but of the purest quality, that have been dropped 50 per cent. Then in linen sheets, simply amazing value is provided in single-bed size, plain hemmed, at 35*s.* 6*d.* the pair, a 2 by 3 yards size going at 41*s.* 6*d.*, pillow-cases to match, 20 by 20 inches, costing only 16*s.* 8*d.* for half a dozen. In piece goods appreciable saving can be effected at this sale in excellent quality longcloth, 36 inches, 9*s.* 6*d.* per dozen yards, and madapolam at 8*s.* 6*d.* for the quantity.

A TRAVELLING FROCK

Fashioned of navy kasha, this frock with its distinctive Valasquez cape lined blue and white spot foulard is most admirably contrived for travelling, and it will be noted there are no perishable frills and furbelows to get out of order

Original design by Betty Nisbet

Smart and Sensible for Travelling

THE days are long past when anything was thought good enough for travelling in. Why it ever existed is a puzzle, since there are few occasions when we are more in evidence than on a journey.

So long as a material is sufficiently smooth faced enough to brush easily, almost any colour is admissible, and for this reason we have selected navy kasha for the original design depicted. The frock is a straight, comfortable slip-on affair, merely ornamented, as shown, by a narrow cross-way fold of plain blue *foulard*, of which the little vest is also fashioned, while there are no perishable frills and furbelows to get out of order.

The distinctive note, of course, is the Valasquez cape of the same material, lined blue and white spot *foulard*. This is, however, detachable, being clipped on under the deep, spot *foulard* collar that is a permanent feature, and adds an effective touch to the frock when that is worn alone.

True to Nature

AS was foreshadowed in these pages a few weeks ago, J. Stewart's new and palatial establishment at 80, New Bond Street, has made good very quickly. This house is a complete revelation in efficiency, comfort, and progress.

As a past-master in the art of hair-dressing and *postiche* work, J. Stewart holds a reputation second to none, and at 80 New Bond Street he has full scope for the display of all the latest and most coveted modes in *coiffures*. Among these a special success is the

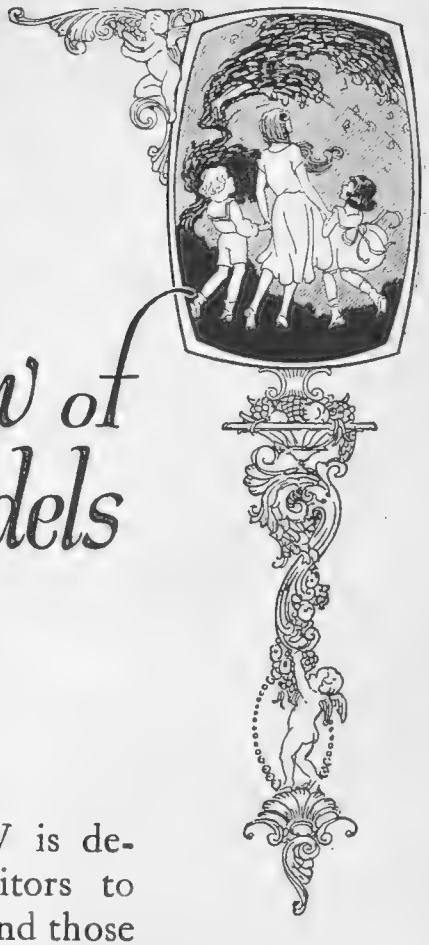
THE "DUCHESS" COIFFURE

A becoming chignon, the work of J. Stewart, of New Bond Street, whose postiche work has achieved such rapid repute

"Duchess" *chignon*, illustrated. This is amenable to various adjustments, although the position maintained is always a low one. For a high dressing that crowns so delightfully the full, picturesque, hipped evening frock, J. Stewart employs soft, natural, loose curls, quite one of the most pleasing dressings we have had for some long while.

The Stewart permanent waving is also as exclusive as the rest, a

(Continued on page xvi)



ROWE'S

Early Autumn Show of Children's Winter Models in all departments during this month.

THIS EARLY SHOW is designed to enable visitors to London for the Sales, and those about to leave for the Coast and Holiday Resorts, to anticipate their requirements in Children's Tailored Models, in a quiet restful atmosphere with the personal attention characteristic of Rowe Service.

Our designers have produced many beautiful models for the coming season, and share our hope that you will honour their productions by a visit of inspection—without the least obligation to purchase.

WM ROWE & CO LTD

BOYS & GIRLS TAILORS AND COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITTERS

105-106, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

and at GOSPORT

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

treatment that has been brought up to the highest point of perfection, and one only handled by experts. The cost, moreover, is most reasonable, the front, or practically the half head, commencing from 3 guineas, and the whole head from 5 guineas; and these prices, as figured out by J. Stewart, work out better for clients than a charge per curl.

Shoes of Smartness and Comfort

A NAME to conjure with, in the shoe world, is that of Southall and Co., of Norwich, and small wonder, since this firm have been

THE PERFECT SHOE

Lightfoot shoes, made by Southall and Co., ensure elegance and comfort, and are made in 31 styles, this being No. W. 7, a lady's patent calf welted Oxford shoe, priced at 35/-; this is also made in real velvet calf

making footgear for no fewer than 130 years, many of the present workers being great-great-grandchildren of those who started with the founders. But, after all, what really matters is the kind, character, and quality of the goods now being turned out, and it may be said at once that for smartness, modishness, cut, finish, and quality Southall's shoes are unsurpassed.

A great feature is the snug fit of the heel, an extremely important factor just now, with the prevalent Court, Greek, and Jester varieties. The scientific reason given for this is a more perpendicular drop from the arch of the foot than is customary, certain models being, furthermore, lined with velvet at the back, which does not slip like leather.

Then another point is that these shoes are either turned or welted. The former exacts that the shoe is made inside out, and then turned, a procedure that necessitates its being made up wet and which accounts for an extraordinary pliability, whereas the other has the welt sewn on the shoes, then the sole is machined on after the principle of a hand-sewn model.

A capital shoe known as T 7 is of patent leather, with an imitation toe-cap. The latter has all the appearance of an applied one, without the latter's defects, such as causing the patent to crack at the joint. These are retailed at all the large representative shops at 32*s.* 6*d.*, another capital range being of *suède* calf, in three colours, modelled on the hand-sewn principle, as a smart, useful lace-up.

All Southall and Co.'s models are thoroughly up to date, notwithstanding the lasts are normal and not in any way exaggerated.

The firm's "Start-rite" shoes for children give full room for the toes without compression; the extended heel precludes "treading over"; the shaped and reinforced side affording the requisite support to the instep.

AN INGENIOUS COSTUME

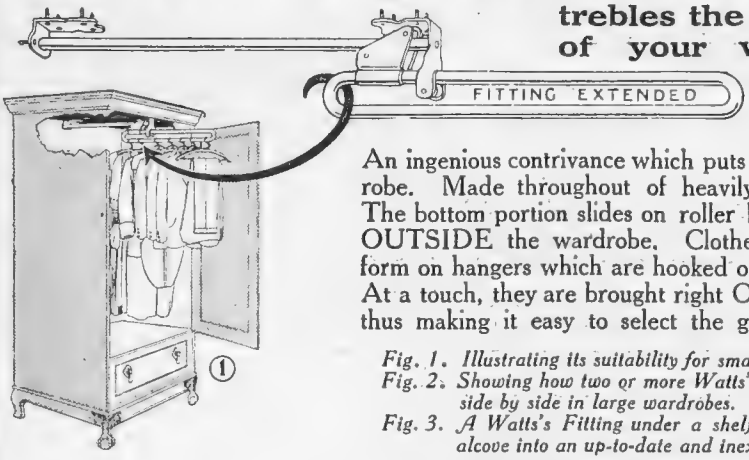
Seen at Brighton's carnival. Instead of Aladdin's lamp, she is carrying the equally famous Royal Ediswan lamp

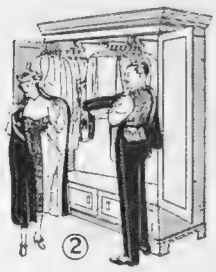
Aladdin Up to Date

Brighton's week of carnival proved to be as great a success as was predicted, although the weather provided some showery intervals. Illustrated is one of the many fanciful costumes which appeared in the carnival. In place of Aladdin's famous lamp the girl is carrying the equally famous Royal Ediswan lamp, and round the brim of her hat are a number of small electric lights which are cunningly wired from the crown.

Watts's Patent Wardrobe Fitting

trebles the capacity of your wardrobe





An ingenious contrivance which puts order into the wardrobe. Made throughout of heavily nickel-plated steel. The bottom portion slides on roller bearings and extends OUTSIDE the wardrobe. Clothes are kept in perfect form on hangers which are hooked on this sliding portion. At a touch, they are brought right OUT of the wardrobe thus making it easy to select the garment required.

Fig. 1. Illustrating its suitability for small wardrobes.
Fig. 2. Showing how two or more Watts's Fittings can be fixed side by side in large wardrobes.
Fig. 3. A Watts's Fitting under a shelf converts a corner or alcove into an up-to-date and inexpensive wardrobe.

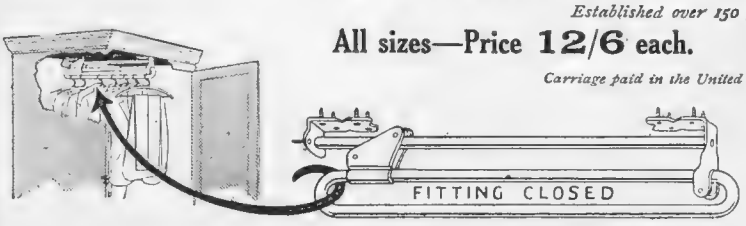
Easy to fix—nothing to go wrong. Suitable for Ladies' or Gentlemen's clothing. Various sizes, from 10 to 20 inches (when closed). When ordering, state INSIDE back-to-front wardrobe measurement. Send for descriptive list.

JOHN WATTS, Dept. B, Lambert Works, SHEFFIELD

Established over 150 years.

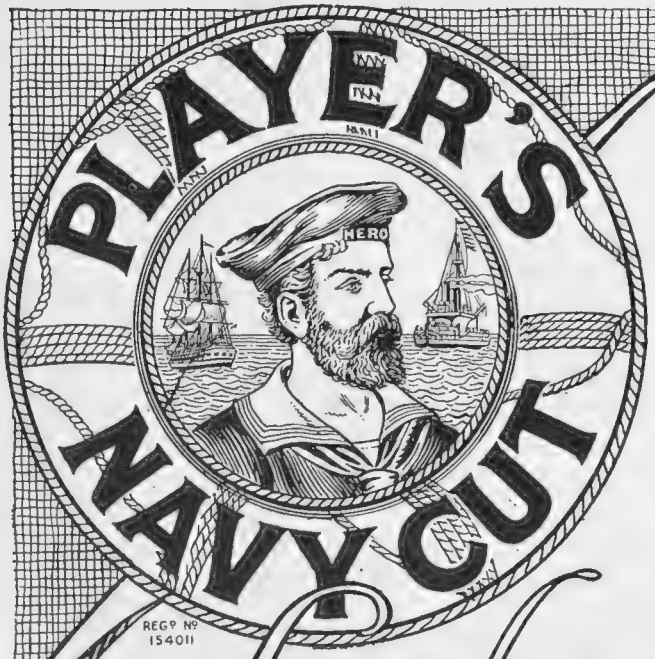
All sizes—Price 12/6 each. Hangers from 1/6 each.

Carriage paid in the United Kingdom.



Permanent exhibition of Trousers Presses, Wardrobes, Wardrobe Fittings, etc.

24 Redcross Street, London, E.C.1.
(near Aldersgate Street Station)



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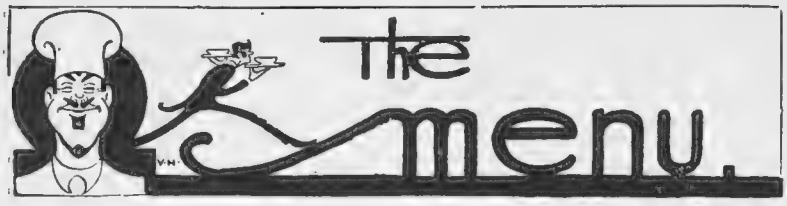

SOME SIMPLE DISHES

ASPARAGUS SOUP
MOUSSE OF SALMON (ICED)
FILET DE BŒUF À LA REFORME
MARINADE DE CHOUXFLEURS (CAULIFLOWER FRITTERS)

Asparagus Soup

Cut in inch lengths, after well washing, twenty-five heads of asparagus. Boil until tender. Put by the heads. Rub the rest through a sieve, and return to the water in which they were boiled. Heat a pint of milk and thicken it with 1 oz. of butter and 1 oz. of flour, smoothly mixed. Cook for ten minutes, stirring frequently. Add the asparagus pulp, season with salt and pepper, bring to the boil, and add a little cream and the heads of the asparagus before serving.

Mousse of Salmon (Iced)

Free 1 lb. of cold boiled salmon from skin and bone, and pound it well. Then add to it half a pint of hot fish stock which has been stiffened with two leaves of gelatine, add salt and pepper; rub through a sieve. Slightly salt half a pint of cream, and whip it and the fish mixture together. Place in a china soufflé dish, smooth the top with a wet knife, and place in a pan of crushed ice for two hours before serving. Serve with cut cucumber.

Filet de Bœuf à la Reforme

Cut some fillets of beef in rounds about an inch thick, fry them quickly in a sauté-pan. Have ready some rounds of fried bread, the same size as the fillets. Place a fillet on each, then a cooked mushroom and a small piece of crisply fried fat. Put the fillets on a mound of peas, pour a thick gravy round and serve hot with new potatoes.

Marinade de Chouxfleurs (Cauliflower Fritters)

Break a cooked cauliflower up into neat pieces, dip these in frying batter till well covered, and fry in boiling fat. Drain them well, sprinkle with white pepper and grated cheese and serve at once. For the batter: ¼ lb. of flour, one tablespoonful of salad oil, the whites of two eggs, quarter pint of tepid water. Make a hole in the centre of the flour and drop in the oil, beat well; add the water gradually, and the whites of the eggs, well beaten, at the last.

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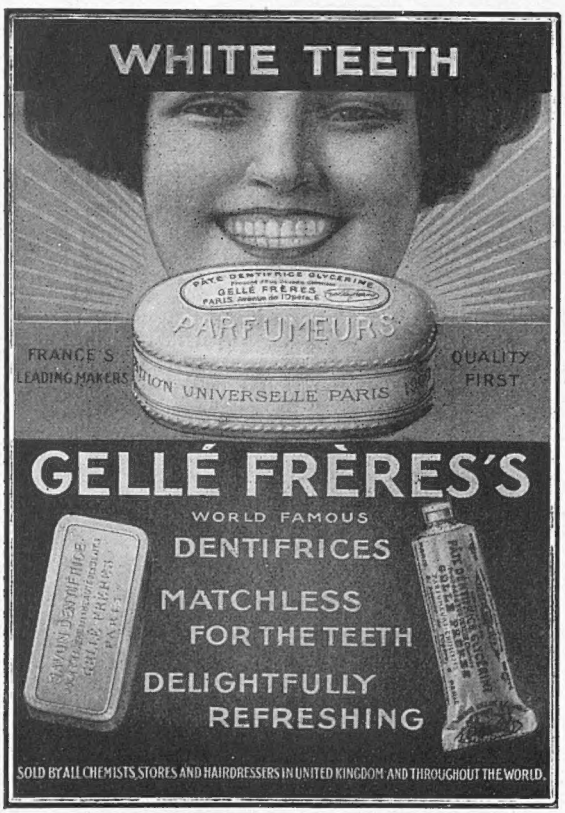

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